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ARUNDEL,

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY

SIR FRANCIS VINCENT, BART.

IN THREE VOLUMES

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ARUNDEL.

CHAPTER I.

ARUNDEL's first care on arriving at Paris, was to secure for himself a comfortable apartment, suited to his circumstances, in the Rue Saint Honoré ; and having done this, he presented himself at the Tuilleries on the very evening of his arrival. It was a reception night, and the public apartments were crowded with persons belonging to the court, and public functionaries of every grade, both military and civil. He was warmly greeted by all those he knew, with various marks of interest. Lord A., in particular, was loud in his congratulations and praises of the gallantry of his conduct, which he said he had

mentioned incidentally in the despatch he had forwarded to his court, containing an account of the proceedings of the 5th and 6th of October. By the King and the Queen he was equally well received, although etiquette prevented their taking any particular notice of him, after he had passed them in the circle. Even the Count de Fersen came forward, and begged him to accept his apologies for what had passed between them, assuring him that the only wish he now felt was to be honoured with his friendship. Of course, Arundel could not repulse advances so made, and the two late enemies remained conversing together for some time. At length Arundel said :

“ You have encouraged me, Monsieur le Comte, to ask a favour of you. I am most anxious to have a private audience of the Queen, on matters of considerable importance to the royal family. It is impossible for me to approach her here, and I am desirous not to attract attention; if you could find an opportunity of requesting her to admit me to her presence, and to name the hour for seeing me, it would not only be conferring a great obligation on me, but it will be the means of serving their Majesties.”

“ I will take the very first opportunity of asking the Queen her pleasure on the subject,” re-

plied the Count; "and will let you know the result by letter."

Arundel soon discovered that Mademoiselle de Romainville was not in the apartments: indeed he hardly expected she would be. She was too young, and held no situation that rendered it necessary for her to be present on public occasions. Having therefore accomplished what he was most anxious about, he soon after retired.

Early the next day he received a note from de Fersen, desiring him to come to the Tuilleries at nine o'clock in the evening, and giving him the proper instructions for being admitted into the Queen's private apartments.

He was punctual to the appointment, and was ushered into a sort of boudoir, where two ladies were sitting, apparently expecting him. One of them was Gertrude; the other, whom he did not know, almost immediately retired, after a few common-place civilities, to inform the Queen of his presence. Now that this moment, so anxiously desired, had arrived, Arundel felt quite at a loss how to enter upon the subject which engrossed his thoughts, nor did Gertrude seem less embarrassed; however, she it was who first broke silence.

"You must think very ill of me," said

she, "that I have not yet enquired after your wound; but it is because I know no words by which I can convey to you the depth of my gratitude. The language of common life would but ill express what I feel."

"Pray, Mademoiselle de Romainville," replied Arundel, "do not again wound me by making use of that horrid word gratitude. It is I who feel truly grateful that it was permitted to me to save your life—a life," he added, after a short pause, and in a lower tone of voice—"so much dearer to me than my own."

"Ah! do not speak so," said Gertrude.

"Why should I not?—why should I not speak what I feel? Oh! Gertrude, do not turn away from me; you know that I would lay down a thousand lives, if I had them, to save a single hair of your head from being injured—to prevent your shedding a single tear. Say you believe me, will you not, Gertrude?"

"I do believe you; indeed, how can I doubt it?—but still—"

"Still what?—you did not look so coldly on me when I last saw you at Versailles. You then seemed to understand my feelings; what has so changed you?—what have I done to offend you? Believe me, it was quite involuntary, whatever it was."

“Nothing, nothing; nor am I changed, but at Versailles I hardly knew what I said or did. I am afraid I let you talk to me in a way I ought not to have allowed: it was my fault, I know, but I believe we were very foolish.”

“At all events I was,” exclaimed Arundel, passionately; “I flattered myself that even if you did not share my feelings, you did not blame them. Fool, did I say?—worse, worse a thousand times! Since that day, I have had but one thought—but one idea. Waking or sleeping, by day, by night, I have seen nothing but your image—your voice still rung in my ears, as when you said ‘for ever;’—but it is past. I felt it was happiness too great to last—my dream is over, and I must reconcile myself to the reality as best I may; it only remains for me to implore your pardon for my temerity, and to thank you for having so soon drawn me from my error.”

This last sentence was uttered with a forced calmness, and an ironical expression, that contrasted almost fearfully with the vehement and impassioned tone in which he had previously been speaking. Poor Gertrude could hardly refrain from tears. “Oh! Mr. Arundel, why will you so entirely misunderstand me? It is cruel, very cruel, to speak to me so. I do not

know how to explain myself—I am so afraid of your being offended if I use a word you do not like.”

“What can you think of me, if you suppose I can be offended at anything you do or say?” said Arundel, in a low repentant tone of voice; for with the usual versatility of a lover, he was feeling actual remorse at having used expressions, which, a moment before, he had not thought half strong or cutting enough. “Forgive me, if I have said anything to grieve or annoy you. I shall not easily forgive myself if I think I have made you unhappy but for a moment; if you knew all that is passing in my breast, if you could see my heart, you would think me more worthy of pity than reproof. I came here so inexpressibly happy—and one short quarter of an hour has made me the most miserable of human beings.”

“Oh! do not say that: what should make you so?”

“Can you ask such a question?—Gertrude, my Gertrude—nay, do not be offended; let me call you so this once,” and he took possession of her hand, without much resistance; “I was happy because I loved, and thought—vain fool that I was—that I might in time, in years, per-

haps, but still at last, be loved in return. I loved with the whole ardour of my soul, with so engrossing a passion, that, if I had the wish, I have not now the power to control or extinguish it. It is part of my very existence. My only object in life was to endeavour to make myself more worthy of her I loved. I had dared to picture to myself a time when I should have come forward and said to her, ‘I have endeavoured to deserve you, to prove to you that you have no occasion to blush for the preference you have condescended to show me—the thought of you has animated and supported me in the struggle. Whatever I am I owe to you. I am your work, do with me as you will.’ Yes, such were the visions in which I have indulged for the last fortnight. I seemed to be another being. I felt there were no obstacles that I could not overcome in my pursuit of honor and renown; and I ventured to hope that if my exertions were crowned with success, there would be one who would participate in my happiness, and reward me by her approbation. It was on my sick bed that I first knew what perfect happiness was. Little did I think how soon such hopes would be destroyed, such visions melt away! Do you now wonder at my saying I am most miserable? But why do I

tease you with all this, which can interest you but little?—forgive my selfishness, I will not offend so again.”

With a voice tremulous with the excess of emotion, Gertrude replied, “Oh! believe me, there is no one who will feel greater grief for your sorrows, or participate more sincerely in your happiness than myself; you will easily find friends who will be of more use to you than a helpless girl, but you can never find one more sincere. Let me call you my brother. Give me a sister’s right to participate in your successes through life.”

“There will be none to participate in,” said Arundel, gloomily; “I have no longer any motive for exertion—I have no goal to attain. Life for me will be nothing but a mere blank; and my only hope, my sole desire is, to pass through it unnoticed and unknown.”

“Do not talk in this way,” said Mlle. de Romainville; “with your talents and courage you have no right to bury yourself in the obscurity of the multitude; will you not give me the satisfaction of seeing my brother distinguished and admired by all who are capable of appreciating merit?”

“How little you know me,” exclaimed Arundel,

“or you would not talk to me in this cold measured language. I had a thousand times rather be the object of your deadliest hatred, than of your indifference.”

“Hatred! indifference!—oh! you do me injustice if you accuse me of indifference: I am only too much—” she stopped, as if fearful she had already said more than she ought.

“Why stop?—oh! complete the sentence,” cried Arundel; “say again that I am not indifferent to you. Dearest Gertrude, will you not restore me to happiness?—you can do it so easily; only one word, one little word from your lips. Will you not say it? See, I am at your feet, my fate, my whole existence is in your hands: you know, you must feel how entirely I love you; I adore you more than words can describe;” he trembled violently as he added, “do not condemn me to despair—say that some day, some distant day, I may hope for a return. My own—my beautiful Gertrude!—say once, only once. ‘I love you.’”

Her head sank upon his shoulder, as she whispered “I do.” A kiss, the first kiss of love, was the only answer. The hearts of both were too full to speak. They seemed afraid to disturb the unutterable bliss of that moment, bliss such

as our first parents might have felt, before the serpent, envious of happiness he could not enjoy, effected their fall. All the vain resolutions which Arundel had so painfully adopted, had vanished, like April snow before the morning sun. His thoughts, his hopes, his fears, were absorbed by feelings of the present moment. How inexplicable is the heart of man!—had he found Gertrude dwelling with rapture on the recollections of what had taken place at their last meeting, he would without difficulty have kept to his original determination; but at the first word which suggested that she had come to the same conclusion, his love took the alarm, and his sole endeavour was to dissuade her from a line of conduct he came prepared to advocate. Was it his pride which rose up in arms at the notion of being so easily sacrificed? Was it his vanity which prompted him to complete the conquest of a heart which seemed but half subdued? Or was it that he had undertaken a task to which he was unequal, and that love, laughing at the dictates of prudence and common sense, determined to vindicate his insulted power? Probably a combination of all three. As for Gertrude, her conduct is more easily explained. Love had sunk as deeply into her heart as it had into that

of Arundel. He was so different from all those with whom she had ever come in contact—his manners so noble, so graceful—his conduct so honourable, so totally devoid of selfish feelings—his language so manly and respectful, and yet so tender—the great service he had rendered her at the risk of his life—the wound he had received,—and added to this, perhaps, his fine figure and handsome features, all combined to make him, in her eyes, the *beau ideal* of manly excellence. Maidenly reserve, however, whispered to her that she had given her heart to a man she had known but for twenty-four hours ; that she had listened and responded to the avowal of one who was almost a stranger to her ; and the more she wished to win his esteem and respect, the more she feared that he would think one so lightly won deserving of neither. Love dictated her reserve at first ; love it was that made it vanish before the ardent and impassioned pleading of him who had saved her life, of him who was already the chosen of her heart.

At length the sound of approaching footsteps recalled them both to the recollection of their situation. Starting to his feet, Arundel had but just time to gain a respectful distance before the Queen entered the room. “I am sorry,” said

she, "to have kept you waiting so long ; I was attending the council, which has but just broken up. But you were not alone, I see ; I hope you found Mademoiselle de Romainville disposed to make the *amende honorable* for her silence at Versailles ; and now let us proceed to business. I understand you have some communication to make which nearly concerns us. Have you any objection to mention it in the presence of a third person ?"

"Certainly not, Madam," replied Arundel. "Any person in whom your Majesty places confidence must be deserving of it."

"Well then, you can stay, my dear Gertrude. Will you proceed, sir ? I am ready to hear you."

"Madam, I am now acting only as a sort of *fondé de pouvoirs*. Your Majesty is aware that I have passed the last few days in the house of the Comte de Mirabeau. In the course of several conversations I have had with him, he expressed an anxious wish to regain the good opinion of the King ; and he has commissioned me to ascertain whether his Majesty would allow him to make him the offer of his services for the future."

"And has the Comte de Mirabeau," ex-

claimed Marie Antoinette, "the audacity to think that I—that the King—can ever forget or pardon the injuries he has done us—the gratuitous insults he has heaped upon our heads? This passes all belief. Why, we have good reason for believing that he was disguised in the midst of the mob that attacked the palace, encouraging them by every means in his power;—and then to send a hypocritical message! I cannot think of it with patience. You have allowed yourself to be imposed upon, Mr. Arundel, or you would not have accepted such a mission."

"Madam, if you will deign to listen to me for a few minutes," rejoined our hero, "I shall be better able to explain the motives which induced me to accept it; but first allow me to assure your Majesty that I have good reasons for believing, independently of his own assertions, that Mirabeau was no party to the insurrection of the sixth. On the contrary, whatever his views may have been, I am convinced that the safety of the royal family was always uppermost in his thoughts."

Arundel then proceeded to explain the immense advantages that would result to the King from securing the sincere coopération of so influential a man; and expatiated on the

difficulties to which the court would be exposed if he should be forced to take a decidedly hostile part against them; concluding by assuring the Queen, that he had been only induced to accept the part he had taken from a sincere desire to serve her.

“Of that I feel sure, sir,” rejoined the Queen; “nor am I insensible to the weight of the arguments you have adduced; still I must not forget that we have to deal with the most unprincipled, profligate man that was ever let loose upon the world. What security have we for his sincerity? Or admitting that he is sincere at this moment, how can we feel sure that he will not turn round upon us the moment he thinks it for his advantage to do so? We cannot avail ourselves effectually of his services without admitting him into our councils; and the moment we do that, we deliver ourselves to him bound hand and foot. How is that difficulty to be got over?”

“I should say, Madam, by having no councils which would not bear the test of publicity.”

“That is easily said,” replied the Queen, rather pettishly; “but we happen to be in France, and not in Utopia. However, we will consider the subject; and pray what are the

conditions on which he offers us his services, for I presume they are not to be gratuitous?"

"The only one which he desired me to name was the King's personal assurance, that he would sanction the representative form of government. All minor details, and more especially what relates to himself personally, he reserves for future discussion; this much, however, I may say, that I believe he will stipulate for a place in the cabinet, whenever circumstances will allow him to take it without injuring his credit."

"Well," said the Queen, "you are, of course, aware that I can give you no answer myself to your proposals; but they shall be laid before the King, and you shall be duly informed of the result of our deliberations. Good heavens! how little did I think a month ago, that we should be reduced to the humiliating necessity of even listening to a proposal from that man; but I shall say no more on that subject; all I have gone through has not yet endued me with patience enough to discuss it quietly. Let me turn to a more agreeable subject. I hear you are naturalized as a French subject—or citizen, I suppose I ought to call it. The King and myself are equally desirous of showing our gratitude

to you for the services you have already rendered us, and of permanently attaching to us one, whose courage and truth have been so well proved. Will you accept an office at court, which will place you near my person?—or would you like to be employed in the public service?”

“I trust your Majesty will not think me insensible to your kindness,” replied Arundel, “if I decline both your offers. I am not fit to live about a court; and, for the present at least, I do not wish to enter upon public life. I fear I have a love of independence which makes me very unfit for the routine of office. Should the King think fit to accept Monsieur de Mirabeau’s proposals, I shall then assist him in compiling his journal; if not, I have already told him all connexion between us will be dissolved,—at least all political connexion, and then I must see what I had better do.”

“Well, recollect you will always find me disposed to assist you, should you wish it,” rejoined the Queen. “I am glad to see you have so nearly recovered from your wound; we had daily information of your health, I assure you, while you were at Versailles; your friend, the Comte de Beauvoisin, used to send Gertrude regular bulletins, signed by the surgeon who attended you.”

“Indeed!” cried Arundel, not very well pleased at what looked like a correspondence between his friend and Mademoiselle de Romainville; “I certainly was not aware of that; what did he say?”

Whether Gertrude saw what was passing in his mind or not, I will not undertake to determine; but certain it is she blushed violently, as putting her hand into her work-box, she drew out about a dozen folded pieces of paper, and giving them to him, she said, as she tried to smile, “There, you can see for yourself what your surgeon thought of you; for I dare say he did not always tell you the truth.”

But Arundel, already ashamed of his momentary feeling of jealousy, and trembling lest it had been observed, put them back again, observing, that “it would be too much for any man to go through the details of an illness from which he was but just recovering.”

Gertrude’s looks thanked him for his forbearance, and he soon after took his leave, it being agreed upon that he should return again in a few days to receive an answer to the proposal he had made.

The intermediate time was passed in visiting his old acquaintance, and making himself ac-

quainted with everything that he had not yet seen in Paris and its neighbourhood. Happy, and consequently pleased with himself and everybody else, he became the life and soul of all the societies he was in the habit of frequenting; still the time seemed to pass but slowly till the evening arrived on which he was to present himself again at the Tuilleries. With a beating heart he rushed up stairs, to the infinite discomposure of the page, whose duty it was to announce him; but this time he was doomed to disappointment. He found the Queen alone, who told him that the King was ready to listen to Mirabeau's proposals upon the basis he had required; and that Monsieur, the King's brother, would receive him, and was authorized to treat with him. Several persons now came in, but Arundel waited in vain in the hope of seeing Gertrude enter; and he at length ventured to ask the Queen, who had remained talking to him on different subjects, if Mademoiselle de Romainville was indisposed?

"No, not at all," was the answer; "but her father arrived in Paris last night, and sent for her this morning; I suppose she is not yet returned. I hope he will not take her away from me altogether. She has been the greatest comfort to me, the only

friend I have had near me since the Duchess de Polignac left me. She is so good and patient, and endowed with a good sense and correctness of judgment far beyond her years. A court is perhaps not the best place for a young person to live in, but it will not hurt her. My sister Elizabeth quite adores her, and I do not know how I can give her higher praise."

How delightfully all this sounded in Arundel's ears, though he did not dare trust himself to make any comment. The opportunity, however, was too good to be lost, of obtaining information concerning her family, upon whom his hopes so completely depended. In reply to some questions he asked respecting her father, he learnt that he was a man of a most eccentric character, upwards of sixty years of age, and immensely rich.

"Further than this," continued the Queen, "I cannot tell you: there is a mystery about him which I am not at liberty to clear up, as it was entrusted to me confidentially. I am not quite sure that even his daughter is aware of it. He is of very good family, and prouder of it than even one of our Austrian nobles; very haughty, and carrying his ideas of parental authority to so absurd an extent that he actu-

ally has given Gertrude a list of dishes which she is prohibited from eating. Notwithstanding this, if there is a person on earth whom he loves it is his daughter, although it is in his own way, which consists in worrying and teasing her to death when she is at home. However, as he is anxious that she should see something of the world, and never goes out himself, I think it very likely he will leave her with me till she marries."

Arundel gasped for breath, as he asked whether there was any project of that sort in existence.

"I should think not," was the answer; "she is so young—only just fifteen; but of course sooner or later it will happen, and as her father is very anxious for perpetuating his family, of which she is the only representative, I think it highly probable that in the course of a year or two he will select a husband for her."

"Does your Majesty mean to say that she will not be consulted in the choice? Is it possible her father would so sacrifice her, or indeed that she would submit to such tyranny?"

The Queen could not forbear smiling at his vehemence, as she answered: "There is no necessity that she should be sacrificed; with her

beauty, rank and wealth, there will be no want of candidates for her hand, and certainly her father is the proper person to choose for her; how can a young girl know how to discriminate and judge for herself? At the same time, though Gertrude is too well brought up to think of marrying against her father's will, I have remarked symptoms of firmness about her which induce me to think that she can have a will of her own, and that not even parental authority would compel her to marry any one she did not esteem; and so far I do not blame her—I confess I think women ought to have a negative voice in these matters. You see I am not the friend to despotism that I am represented to be.”

Arundel felt too sick at heart to make any immediate reply. It seemed as if what he had heard had opened a new light upon him. How eagerly did he desire her return that evening, that he might have some explanation with her; but that desire was not to be granted: time wore away, and she did not appear. In the meantime, his discomposure was too great not to be remarked. No man less possessed the art of concealing his thoughts; his features were indeed the index to his mind. In reply, therefore, to a question from the Queen as to whether he felt

suddenly unwell, he stammered out something about the heat of the room having made his wound painful, and asked permission to retire.

CHAPTER II.

IN one of those vast hotels of the Faubourg Saint Germain, which still attest the power and wealth of their ancient possessors, sat an old man of a stern, almost forbidding countenance, but which softened from time to time as he gazed with looks of parental fondness on the young girl who was sitting on a footstool at his feet with one of his hands locked in hers. It was impossible to fancy a more striking contrast than that between the timid gentleness and youthful beauty of the one, and the severe careworn features of the other ; and yet there were traces of resemblance between them, which, to a careful observer, would have told their relationship at once.

The apartment in which they sat was so vast

and lofty, that the immense chandelier by means of which it was lighted, was hardly able to dispel the gloom of night, increased by the dark silk hangings and massive furniture with which the room was filled. It was altogether such a habitation as would suit a man of great wealth and taste, but of whose mind the dark shadows of life had obtained complete and permanent possession. The very logs that burned on the hearth, when they did throw out a momentary blaze, seemed to do it with reluctance, and speedily relapsed into a sullen glow, as if ashamed of having been surprised into a vivacity so unbecoming the place.

The young girl had just finished speaking. "Well, my child," said her father, "continue your narration—I am scarcely yet certain whether I have you safe beside me; how did you escape from the monsters?"

"Indeed, Papa, I hardly know; for though the whole scene is still present to me as if it was but just over, I felt like one spell-bound, and all my senses seemed suspended; all at once the man who held me was struck down, and I found myself through the door in the midst of some Gardes du Corps."

"God bless them for saving my child!—you must

tell me their names; I should think all my fortune well employed in proving my gratitude.—My child, my Gertrude, the only being left to love me, and console me for the miseries of life ! Tell me their names.”

“ But father, it was not the Gardes du Corps who saved me; they could not—they did not dare leave their post; they only received me afterwards.”

“ Ha! was it one of the mob?—but never mind; whoever he was, whatever crimes he may have committed, in my eyes he is an angel of light. I hope you learnt his name, Gertrude?”

“ It was not one of the mob—it was a young man, an English gentleman, who forced his way through the crowd, and saved my life at the hazard of his own,” replied his daughter.

“ Indeed ! I am glad of it. Though I have no cause to love England, yet I never hear of a noble, a courageous act done by one of her sons, without the blood rushing more quickly through my veins; yes, I am indeed glad that it is to an Englishman I owe my Gertrude’s life. What is his name, that I may lose no time in giving him a father’s thanks?”

Gertrude, foreseeing the question, had contrived to shift her position so as to turn her face

away from the light, and she managed to answer with tolerable composure, "His name is Arundel."

Hardly had the word escaped from her lips, than as if stung by a serpent, her father started from his chair, pushing away the stool on which she sat.

"Arundel, did you say?" he screamed out; "Arundel?—but stop, that hated name belongs to more than one; do you know what is his family, from what part of England he comes?"

Gertrude was so terrified at the violence of her father that she could hardly speak:—"For God's sake, sir, calm yourself; what have I said to agitate you thus?"

"Answer my question—what is his family?"

"I am sure I do not know. Yet stay, I remember the Queen asking him something about Arundel castle, and his saying that his father had possessed it, but had been obliged to sell it."

"It is—it is the same; oh God! how have I deserved to have this fresh persecution heaped upon my grey hairs!—it cannot be, it must be a monstrous fiction, similar to those which so often disturbed my unsettled reason during the seven long months which I passed in the solitary cells of the mad-house; yes, start not—for seven long

months did the treachery of Arundel, the friend of my heart, contribute to deprive me of my reason. A quarter of a century has passed away, but the recollection, the desire for vengeance, still burn in my breast ; and it is to the son of this man, the destroyer of my earthly happiness, whose perfidy has put even my immortal soul in jeopardy—it is to *his* son, that I am indebted for the salvation of my daughter !”

“Oh ! my father, whatever the fault of the one, let the service of the other redeem it ; if you really love your Gertrude, you must feel gratitude to her preserver.”

“Gratitude !—never : it is fresh fuel heaped upon the flame ; and if anything could add to the hatred I feel for that accursed race, it is the idea, the frightful idea, that they have laid me under an obligation I never can cancel. Heaven pardon me !—I have killed my own child,” as he saw Gertrude sink lifeless on the floor.

He rushed to the bell—in an instant the room was filled with servants, and by proper applications he had soon the happiness of seeing her animation restored. Every attention, every care, that the tenderest bride sitting by the sick bed of her husband could bestow, was lavished upon Ger-

trude by her unhappy father ; he sought to soothe her agitation by every endearing name, and when he saw that he had partly succeeded, he said—

“Forgive my violence, my darling ; I am not not always master of myself. Answer me but a few questions, and then this subject shall be dismissed for ever. I was wrong in saying I felt no gratitude for your preserver. I do indeed—how could it be otherwise?—but old recollections came across me, and stung me to the quick. Nay, do not sob so, my child. I will go to-morrow and thank him ; but there, all connexion, all acquaintance with him must cease. I will endeavour to forget him, and so must you ; will you not promise your old father this ?”

Gertrude could make no reply, but her tears fell in torrents. “Come, endeavour to compose yourself,” continued the Marquis de Romainville ; “and tell me what became of Mr. Arundel after he had rescued you.”

She gave him, as well as her emotion would allow her, an account of all those circumstances with which the reader is already acquainted.

“But still I do not quite understand,” said the Marquis, “how he happened to be there so very opportunely.”

“He had heard the tumult,” said his daughter; “and on his way to the palace had met M. de Lafayette, who desired him to penetrate, if possible, to the King, with the intelligence of the immediate arrival of the National Guards: as he was not acquainted with the palace he lost his way in the corridors, and was only guided by the noise, to the room in which I was struggling with my murderers.”

“It was boldly, it was gallantly done,” said the Marquis; “were you previously acquainted with him?”

“I had seen him for the first time the morning before—I was walking with the Queen at Trianon, and he met us, and by her Majesty’s desire, joined us.”

“Have you seen him since?”

“But once, at the Tuilleries.”

“Well, thank God!” said her father, “an acquaintance of two days, even when cemented by such services, cannot cost you much to give up. I will see him to-morrow—he is poor, thanks to the follies of his grandfather. I will give him every assistance to the half of my fortune, upon the condition that he leaves Paris.”

“Oh! my dear father, how can you imagine for a moment that a gentleman could look upon

such an offer in any other light than as an insult. I entreat you not to hurt his feelings so far as to offer him money as the price of his blood. For heaven's sake, spare him such a humiliation."

"You may make yourself quite easy, Mademoiselle. I shall take care to clothe my offers in such language as will not offend the nicest susceptibility."

"And I am quite sure, sir," persisted Gertrude, "that he will reject them with indignation, whatever language they may be clothed in."

"You seem very well acquainted with his feelings, Mademoiselle de Romainville," said her father ; who, as his daughter recovered her composure, seemed gradually to réassume his stern nature ; "but whatever they may be, depend upon it they will give way to my will. I am determined he shall not remain in Paris ; and if he does not yield to my wishes quietly, I will see if my influence is not sufficient to get him removed."

"And do you suppose, sir," said Gertrude, indignantly, "that the Queen will allow any violent measures to be taken against a man whom she has publicly thanked for services rendered to the royal family?"

“You appear to be very much interested about this adventurer,” said the Marquis; “but as I am by no means desirous of seeing him repair his broken fortunes by entrapping my daughter’s affections, I expect you will immediately give me your word of honour to see him no more—at least to have no communication with him directly or indirectly—and that you will marry within six months the Duc de la Rochelle, to whom I have promised your hand.”

Gertrude started, but soon recovering herself, said with firmness, “That, sir, I am sorry to say, is a promise I cannot make.”

“Why so?—what, you blush, you are silent:—you dare not tell me you love this man?”

“Oh my father!” cried Gertrude, throwing herself at his feet; “do not condemn me unheard. Recollect, that the short time during which we were thrown together, has been to us more than years of common life. If I lived for centuries, I could never repay him what I owe him. I did not guess that you had any dislike to him—how could I? Every body admires him—everybody loves him—and I, for whom he perilled his life, could I alone treat him with ingratitude? Oh! do see him, and I am sure you will love him too—you, who admire everything that

is generous and noble. My father, my happiness—the happiness of your Gertrude—of her preserver are in your hands—you will not, you cannot refuse it. You have now only a daughter; you will gain a son who will love you for the happiness you bestow on him. Do not visit the sins of the father upon the son.”

She endeavoured to take his hand; but he withdrew it with something like a shudder. She looked up in his face, and saw there was no hope there. With a heart half broken, but with almost supernatural composure, she raised herself from her knees, and sat down on the sofa.

Her father, who had never once looked at her whilst she was speaking, remained standing, whilst, with a low hollow voice, and a brow as dark as the thunder-cloud, he thus addressed her:

“ I have listened to you, Mademoiselle de Romainville, with patience—and I now expect you will do the same by me. From what I can make out, you have thrown yourself at the head of a young man, whom you have known for forty-eight hours. This young man is the son of one who was my deadliest enemy, who inflicted upon me the bitterest injury one man can inflict upon another, and he is gone down to

the grave unpunished and glorying in his crime. What the circumstances were, I shall not mention; I am the only person now alive to whom they are known, and they will be buried in the grave with me. Well, this young man has the good fortune to save your life—for what man would not esteem it a special favour of providence to become the instrument of saving the life of a fellow creature? He tells you he loves you—you believe him, and fancy you love him. So far it is quite romantic—but as I do not much believe in romance in real life, I may be permitted to think that your hero was not altogether ignorant that you are reputed to be one of the wealthiest heiresses in France; he took advantage of circumstances; and certainly, to do him justice, he seems to have profited by them to the utmost. I forbid your having any communication with this man, whom, if you had one spark of good feeling, after what I have told you, you would never wish to see again; and I desire you to prepare for your marriage with the husband I have chosen for you. You positively refuse to obey me;—now many fathers under such circumstances, would have recourse to restraint; would place their daughters in a convent, and take effectual means to put a stop to such a disgrace-

ful connexion. I shall do nothing of the sort, for this very simple reason, that when my daughter renounces her obedience, I disown her for my daughter."

A shriek from Gertrude told that the shaft had hit the mark. "Oh! my father! mercy, mercy! say you are not in earnest!—disown me! I, your daughter, your Gertrude, who love you so much, to be cast from you for ever! I will never see Mr. Arundel again—my heart will break, but I will obey you. Only spare me my marriage with the Duc de la Rochelle. I promise never to marry without your consent, but do not force me to so horrid a union. Spare me, my father!"

"No! I will have complete obedience—all or nothing—my word is pledged to the Duke, and I shall not forfeit the honour of my name to indulge the caprices of a love-sick girl. If the affection you say you feel for me, is so strong, you will find no difficulty in complying with my wishes."

"Any thing but that—have compassion on your daughter."

"That is to say, anything but what I desire. No, you have heard what I have said, and you know me well enough to be aware that I never alter a decision once made."

“I do, sir, I say no more ; you renounce me, but you cannot prevent my feeling a daughter’s love for you. My father,” said she, kneeling down before him, “before you cast me off for ever, give me your blessing—it is the last claim I shall make on you.”

The Marquis was not prepared for her determination, or for the affecting way in which she announced it, yet his pride kept its dominion over him; he merely said, “It is well ; you will return now to the Tuilleries; to-morrow you will learn what arrangements I have made for you for the future. Now go in peace.”

He was moving away, but he could not prevent Gertrude’s seizing one of his hands and kissing it, nor did he draw it away, though he shewed no other signs of relenting. He ordered the carriage to be got ready as soon as possible, and as soon as it was announced, handed her into it without saying a word. Still she buoyed herself up with the hope that he would at last be softened. The last words he had said to her seemed to intimate that he had no thoughts of abandoning her entirely ; and although his concluding phrase, “Go in peace,” sounded as little like a paternal benediction as could well be imagined, yet, at all events, there was nothing bit-

ter in it. But what could she say to Arundel? She was determined so far to obey her father's injunctions as to hold no communication with him, after she had had one last interview with him to explain the reasons of her determination. How bitterly did she weep over the loss of her mother, her kind, good mother, who had seemed to live but to watch over the happiness of her child. She had died many years ago, almost before Gertrude could well appreciate the irreparable loss she had sustained. Still she treasured up in her mind the innumerable tokens of love she had received in childhood, and felt that if her mother had been spared to her, she would not have been exposed to her present trials. As long as she lived, Gertrude had never known a care, she had scarcely ever shed a tear; since that period sorrows had come fast upon her, for she could not but feel that the affectionate tenderness of her heart was quite lost upon the stern, unbending nature of her father. Then came the long list of miseries which had gathered round the heads of the royal family. The Queen had taken a fancy to her one day, as she was walking with her governess in the gardens at Versailles. Her father, who resided the greatest part of the year in the country, and was

quite aware of the disadvantages to which his daughter would be exposed by his secluded and gloomy manner of living, gratefully accepted the Queen's proposal to give Gertrude an apartment at Versailles, and take her completely under her own immediate care, during his long absences. She had at first been treated rather as a pretty plaything than as a reasonable being; but as she grew older, her affectionate disposition and caressing manners had gained for her the friendship of her royal mistress, which was amply repaid by an unbounded devotion and love, amounting almost to idolatry.

As soon as Gertrude arrived at the Tuilleries, she retired to her own room, feeling quite unequal to join the society which was then assembled in the Queen's apartments. As she lay restlessly revolving in her mind the course she ought to pursue, and reflecting on the utter desolation in which she would find herself plunged, should her father really carry his threat into complete execution, it did not once occur to her to retrace the step she had taken, or by an entire submission to his will, to endeavour to regain her place in his affection. And yet, her love for her father was, if not very ardent, at least sincere, and fortified by a strong sense of duty.

To anything else she would have submitted ; but her soul revolted from the idea of being forced into a marriage with one man, when her heart was so entirely given to another.

The Duc de la Rochelle was a most excellent man, and bore the highest character in the world : but he had one quality which I am afraid young ladies will never be induced to estimate as it deserves. He was no longer young, or in other words, he was more than old enough to be Gertrude's father, and was already surrounded by grandchildren ; his son, by a former marriage, having been married some years. He was a very old and intimate friend of her father's, and little could Gertrude have imagined that the man who used to take her on his knees, when she was yet a little girl, and pass hours in amusing her with fables and fairy tales, would ever be proposed to her in the light of a suitor. How eagerly did her mind recur to those golden and sunny days of her childhood, when her slightest wish was law to all around her, her greatest grief the loss of some favourite bird. And what was her situation now ?—that of an outcast from her paternal home, without even a roof to cover her, except what she owed to the fortuitous favour of the Queen—without a friend

to whom she could apply for advice—without a relation to whom she could appeal for protection; for she had always been kept in the most profound ignorance of her family connections, and whenever she had ventured to ask any question or make any allusion to the subject, her father had always stopped her in a way that shewed she was treading on forbidden ground. But was she entirely comfortless?—no; that feeling, which had induced her to brave her father's wrath at first, still supported her in this situation of extreme misery. If for a moment she felt sinking under it, the thought of her lover came across her mind, and added strength to her resolution. Though she had no longer a hope of softening her father's hatred towards him—and as long as that existed, all intercourse should, she was determined, cease between them—still, as long as she did not belong to another, she could, without self-accusation, cherish the passion for which she had already sacrificed so much. How ennobled did she feel in her own eyes at having had the opportunity of proving her truth at such a price; and something whispered to her that she would be still dearer in the eyes of him whose love was to her as the air she breathed. She must see him, and that as soon as possible, in order to

communicate to him all that had passed, and the decision she had taken in consequence ; but how was this to be managed ? At length the thought struck her that she would tell all to the Queen. She had always been so indulgent, so kind to her, she could not refuse to listen to her at such a moment. This idea tranquillized her mind a little ; but still bitter tears wetted her pillow, and it was a late hour in the morning before, worn out with fatigue and agitation, she fairly cried herself to sleep. The next morning her pale looks soon attracted the attention of her royal mistress, and in consequence of a hurried whispered request from Gertrude, the Queen desired her attendants to leave them alone. “ Well, my child,” said she, “ what is the meaning of this agitation ? ”

“ Oh ! madam, I fear you will repent all the kindness you have shewn me. My father has driven me from his house, has threatened to disown me as his daughter, because I could not promise to marry the Duke de la Rochelle.”

“ The Duke de la Rochelle !—that is indeed a singular choice ; but he is an excellent man, and I am sure would make you a very good and indulgent husband. What is your objection to him ? ”

“ Oh ! I know he is very good, and was so kind to me as a child. I never thought he would make me so miserable.”

“ But I want to know why you think he will make you miserable. I think he would make you very happy.”

“ Oh ! madam, he is so old and ugly.”

“ Nay, that is not an answer for my Gertrude to make ; it is unworthy of your good sense ; if those are your only objections, believe me, nothing passes away so soon as impressions of ugliness, except, perhaps, those of beauty ; as for his age, you should recollect that you are so very young, you require a husband older than yourself to advise and guide you. If, indeed, you have an invincible objection to him, I should be the last person to urge you to marry him ; but reflect on the satisfaction you will derive in after life from having given such a proof of duty and obedience to your father, and having made the happiness of an excellent and honourable man.”

“ Yes, madam ; but it will be at the expense of my own, and,” she added, in a lower tone, “ that of another.”

“ That of another !—for heaven’s sake, what do you mean, Gertrude ? Who on earth can be

interested in the matter? Has any body ventured, without my knowledge, without my permission, to pay his addresses to a lady forming part of my household, and under my especial protection? and have you so far forgotten yourself as to allow it? Who is it?—for I am quite at a loss to know even who has had an opportunity of approaching you.”

“Let all your anger fall on me, madam; I alone am to blame. I ought not to have listened to him,” said Gertrude, timidly.

“Well, but who is it?—I suppose he has a name.”

“It is Mr. Arundel.”

“Mr. Arundel! good heavens!” exclaimed the Queen; “but it is partly my fault—and yet how could I imagine that in so short a time things would have come to such a crisis? Poor child! you are severely punished for my negligence; sit down, and tell me all that passed between your father and yourself.”

Gertrude obeyed, and after she had finished her narration, “Well,” said the Queen, “the Marquis is evidently very angry with you, and it must be allowed with some reason, though perhaps he endeavoured to push his authority a little too far. When you have heard from

him to-day, we shall be better able to judge what you had best do. But do you really love this Mr. Arundel so very much that you cannot marry the husband your father has chosen for you?"

"It would kill me; do not, do not take part against me. Put me in a convent—shut me up anywhere—but do not force me into such misery; and it would kill him too."

"Men are not so easily killed," replied the Queen; "and I do not think Mr. Arundel has shown much delicacy of conduct, in thus engaging the affections of a young girl."

"Oh! madam, do not say so; do not blame him—he did not mean to act wrong—do not think ill of him for it."

"Well, well, we will say no more about it now. I suppose you will hear from your father soon, and then we will resume our conversation. You had better go to your own room, for you are hardly fit to be seen. I shall not require your attendance this morning."

"Will you not say you forgive me, madam, before I go?"

"That I will—I have so little to forgive, it will not cost me much effort to do so. I am afraid I am not so angry with Mr. Arundel as I ought

to be. I can now account for his sudden illness last night, when we were talking about the probability of your marrying."

"Was he ill?" asked Gertrude, anxiously.

"No, nothing to signify; you need not look so pale about it: not more than he deserves for all the annoyance he has caused, though, I confess, I cannot guess at the cause of your father's hostility to him. He is in every respect your equal, except in point of wealth, and that can be no object to the Marquis de Romainville. We are no longer in the days when family feuds can be transmitted, like heir-looms, from generation to generation."

In reality, this incident had annoyed the Queen very much, as she could not conceal from herself that she had from the first seen something like a partiality on the part of Arundel for her young protégé, and had looked upon it as a likely means of securing his services. But she had not had an idea that, in so short a time, he would have taken such entire possession of Gertrude's affections, for she felt at once that he was completely master of them; and bitterly did she reproach herself for what now appeared as nothing but a selfish calculation. Gertrude had scarcely quitted her when a message was

brought her from the Marquis de Romainville, soliciting an audience. He was instantly admitted.

"I am not aware," said he, "whether your Majesty is acquainted with what has passed between my daughter and myself."

"She has told me all," replied the Queen.

"Then it only remains for me to explain the motive of my troubling your Majesty on the present occasion."

"Stop, sir! and before you proceed further, consider well what you are about to say. I hope it is to recall the expressions you made use of to her last night; believe me, I have studied her well, and I am confident you may do everything with her by gentleness, nothing by compulsion."

"Madam," said the Marquis, "I seek nothing of her either by compulsion or gentleness. I lay no further claim to her obedience. She has shewn me what I may expect from her affection and sense of duty. Still I treat her so far as my daughter as to put her in possession of an income adequate to her rank; nay, more, I wish her to write to me occasionally; further than this she may do what she likes. If, after what has passed, your Majesty wishes to retain her about your person, well; if not, I should advise her

retiring to a convent ; but if she prefers it she may marry any one she likes, the Duke de la Rochelle, or Mr. Arundel ; the only difference is, that if she consents to marry the former, she will again find her father's arms open to receive her : if she marries the latter I totally renounce her, and she will have for her sole inheritance my heaviest malediction."

"Hush ! sir," cried the Queen ; "do not insult me by forcing me to listen to such horrors. If indeed, such is your determination, Mademoiselle de Romainville shall never want a protectress as long as I live, and you may therefore be quite certain that she will never marry a man whom you disapprove of ; further than this, I promise nothing. But once more reflect ; your daughter's happiness, I am firmly convinced, is at stake. Hers is not a heart to be trifled with. Under other circumstances, I can understand that Mr. Arundel would not have been selected, perhaps, by you for a son-in-law ; but his birth, the services he has rendered her, the favour in which both the King and myself hold him, ought to more than overbalance any inequality of fortune. I am not used to ask favours, sir ; but I do ask it as a personal favour, that you will give your approbation to your daughter's choice, and I

will guarantee to you that you will have no reason to repent it. Do this, and I will venture to promise that whatever career Mr. Arundel chooses to adopt, he shall very shortly be at the top of it."

"If your Majesty knew the pain it gives me to refuse," replied the Marquis, "you would have spared me this trial. Want of fortune would be no objection to me; as a proof of it, Mr. Arundel is welcome to half mine this moment, if he will accept it as a recompense for the service he has rendered my daughter; still less, is it any personal feeling against the young man himself, whom I do not know by sight, and of whose existence I was almost ignorant. But your majesty will judge of my abhorrence to such an alliance when I tell you that I had rather see Gertrude dead at my feet, than the wife of that man. Besides, I am bound by a solemn pledge to my old friend the Duc de la Rochelle, and my honour is dearer to me than aught besides."

"I cannot believe the Duke would keep you to your engagement, if he found your daughter so averse to the union. He is too honourable, too delicate-minded a man to insist upon it."

"If he has my word, madam, so have I his, and they must both be fulfilled."

“I see you are determined, sir,” said the Queen, haughtily, “and therefore I will argue with you no further. Do you wish to see your daughter?”

“No, Madam; I have a letter for her, which will inform her of all I have had the honour of detailing to your Majesty, and I believe in nearly the same words.”

“In that case, I will not detain you longer. I presume you have nothing farther to say.”

“Nothing as regards myself, madam: but will you excuse my saying, that if his Majesty could be prevailed upon to lay aside the timid councils he has too long followed, and to make an appeal to the nation for the recovery of his birth-right, I can bring him, at two days’ notice, five hundred men in arms. Nor am I the only one. France is indignant at the position in which her King is placed, and I must be allowed to observe that the conduct he has adopted strengthens his enemies and discourages his friends. One vigorous effort, and the revolution is at an end.”

“Why, sir,” said the Queen “with so much loyalty, will you force me to condemn your conduct in other respects? I will mention to the King what you have said, and I am sure he will feel as grateful as I do for your generous offer,

although under present circumstances he cannot avail himself of it. Adieu, sir; I am convinced I cannot better show the esteem I feel for you than by continuing my favour to your daughter;" and with these words, which the Marquis might interpret into a very flattering compliment, or a cutting sarcasm, at his pleasure, she retired into an inner room.

Gertrude was soon made acquainted with what had passed, and the Queen told her, that, everything considered, it would be impossible for her to avoid Arundel altogether, and therefore all she required was a promise that she would have no clandestine communication with him, and above all, that she would enter into no secret engagement. This Gertrude readily promised; and the Queen then informed her that she had desired Arundel to come to the Tuilleries the following night, and she would take care to afford her an opportunity of making the necessary explanations. The truth was, Marie Antoinette could not bear the idea of witnessing Gertrude's misery, if she had been entirely deprived of her lover's society, accusing herself, as she did, of having been so instrumental in causing it. She knew she could put the fullest reliance on the promise she had received, and perhaps she depended upon a thousand

resources for removing the bar to their happiness. The Marquis might relent, or yield to the King's commands, or he might die ; and then why have deprived two young creatures of the happiest moments of their lives? Gertrude, as has been before said, accepted the compromise with joy, but she was not yet free from all the tribulations which that day was to inflict upon her. She received a message from the Queen, late in the evening, desiring to see her ; and when she went down, her heart palpitating with joy, at the idea that perhaps it was Arundel who was there, she suddenly found herself in the presence of the very last man on earth she desired to see—one she was beginning most cordially to dislike—the Duc de la Rochelle.

“Mademoiselle de Romainville,” said he, as soon as he had led her to a chair, “the Queen has permitted me to have a few minutes private conversation with you, for which I have also your father's sanction.”

Gertrude's terror was still further increased by this exordium, and her looks showed it, for the duke said : “Do not look so frightened, Gertrude ; you seem to think me a wild beast, preparing to spring upon you ; think yourself still a little girl, as when you sat on my knees, and

me your old grandpapa, as you used to call me. You see I cannot have any sinister intentions, and if you will not marry me, I trust we shall still be very good friends, and I will endeavour to comfort myself by dancing at your wedding, if I cannot have you myself. Ah! you smile, do you?—you think me too old to dance now, I suppose. But now listen to me, for I am going to talk seriously. You know your father has promised me your hand, and I accepted his offer with gratitude; not that I was in love with you, according to your actual ideas, but I loved your father, and I loved you. I knew you had been perfectly well brought up, and I had seen enough of you to be thoroughly acquainted with your temper and disposition. I confess, I thought it a good thing for us both; you would not have grudged your endeavours to make me happy and comfortable during the remainder of my life, and I should have brought you the protection and experience of a man, who, I may conscientiously say, has done nothing to forfeit the good opinion of the world. In all human probability, you would have again found yourself free, at an age when you would have had all the best part of life still before you, enjoying a large fortune, and high rank, and with experience sufficient to

prevent your being misled by mere show and outward appearance. Well, such was my plan; it appears you do not approve of it; so there is nothing farther to be said, except that I do not exactly see how we can avoid being married against both our inclinations, for your father was furious, and almost quarrelled with me when I offered to withdraw my pretensions. You laugh; but I can tell you I consider it no laughing matter, at my age, to be forced into marrying a woman I do not want, and who does not want me; besides, I am told you are provided with a champion who would think nothing of slaying half-a-dozen giants before breakfast, at your bidding. What chance should I have against such a man? So that in fact, it just comes to this;—if I do not marry you, your father will run me through the body: if I do, Mr. Arundel will treat me still worse. A pretty return this for all the bon-bons I have brought you, and songs I have sung you, when you were—what you are no longer—a good little girl! Come, you have got me into this scrape, it is but fair that you should get me out of it; so just tell me what I am to do.”

“I am sure I do not know, my dear Duke,” said Gertrude, who by this time found all her former friendship for him return; “you had

better tell my father that you have seen me, and and that you found me so determined, it would only be making yourself ridiculous to make any further attempts."

"I thank you for the hint—I find you are as saucy as ever; but that would be but bad policy, for your father is determined to leave you no excuse for marrying Mr. Arundel; and therefore my place would be soon filled by some one, who, perhaps, would not be so forbearing as I am, and whom it might be difficult to get rid of. Besides, I could not do this without breaking entirely with my old friend, and this, I tell you fairly, I should be grieved to do, although I saw the moment this morning when I thought we should have quarrelled outright; for I told him my mind very freely as to his conduct towards you. What makes him so inveterate against this poor Mr. Arundel? It is something attaching to his early life, which is a subject he never mentions, even to me. It is all very strange—but strange or not, your father is not a man to depart from his word, and all remonstrance on that head, at present at least, would be in vain. But *revenons à nos moutons*: if you really will not have me, all you have to do is to remain inflexible, and I must console myself as well as I

can. But do you really feel no inclination to relent?"

"No, none at all, I assure you," said Gertrude, laughing.

"Well, then, I will tell you how we must arrange it; I will do, as in my dancing days we used to do at balls—I will inscribe myself on the list as your second husband, whenever your first one dies."

"Oh! Monsieur le Duc, what a horrid idea! Do you suppose—"

"Oh! no; of course I suppose nothing, and I see I must resign my claim entirely. I think, though, I am entitled to a kiss: it would not be the first by many thousands, and God knows how long you will be allowed to dispose of them."

"There shall be always one for you, and I will call you again my good old grandpapa."

"I think I may tell your father," said the Duke, "not only that you have refused me, but laughed at me into the bargain; but tell me, for I cannot stay much longer, is there any thing I can do for you till we can talk your father out of this obstinate fit? If you want anything, recollect that your old friend is always at your service. I want, too, to make acquaintance with

my fortunate rival ; I must see if he is worthy of my little Gertrude : so if you should happen to see him, you may tell him to expect my visit. We must try to soften the Marquis ; but it will be a work of time, even if we ever succeed. He is as headstrong a man as ever I met with, and yet I love him without knowing why or wherefore ; ” and so saying, the kind-hearted old man took his leave.

CHAPTER III.

WE must now return to Arundel, who had forwarded the King's answer to Mirabeau, and was impatiently expecting the result of the interview with Monsieur. He was not long kept in suspense, for in the evening of the same day he received a visit from the Count himself; he was just returned from the Luxembourg, where Monsieur resided, and seemed by no means pleased with what had taken place.

“They want to treat me like a child,” cried he; “but they shall find whom they have to deal with. I have accepted their offers, however; and it will be my fault if I do not arrive at the top of the ladder before long; once let me get a footing, and I will trust to myself for maintaining it. They endeavour to keep me out of their coun-

cils ; they shall soon find they cannot do without me. I am to have all the hard labour, do all the dirty work, and what do you think they offer me?—The Embassy at Constantinople ! However, if they expect to banish me, they will be mistaken. In the meantime, I have accepted it—that is to say, I am to have it whenever I choose to ask for it—and till I do I am to receive a certain sum of money every month.”

“ Good heavens !” exclaimed Arundel ; “ you have not sold yourself for money, surely !”

“ Sir,” replied Mirabeau, “ a man like me may receive a hundred thousand crowns ; but a hundred thousand crowns cannot buy a man like me. But after all, this money is to be laid out in the service of the King. I must have a large establishment, and keep open house. That is the true way to gain adherents ; how many men, who would shrink with horror from a bribe of money, allow themselves to be caught by a good dinner. You will see my nets full whenever I choose to set them. But let us talk of something more to the purpose—I cannot, and will not serve them as I wish to do, without possessing their full confidence. I must have an interview with the Queen, and this you must contrive.”

“ I will repeat to her Majesty,” said Arundel,

“ what you say—more than that I cannot do ; you must know I am without influence, and cannot presume to offer advice unasked for.”

“ No, perhaps not ; but you have many opportunities of insinuating advice without directly offering it. Now there is that little girl you saved the other day at Versailles—I understand the Queen is very fond of her ; you should cultivate her acquaintance—she may be very useful to us.”

Arundel was thoroughly disgusted ; “ I do not know what you take me for, nor whom you mean by *us*,” said he : “ but if you think I am made to play the part of a spy, you are much deceived ; and if you mean by *us*, yourself and me, I beg you distinctly to understand I will have nothing to do with your intrigues. What I undertake to do, I will do openly, and not by insinuations, or any such low dirty means ; and moreover, as I have no wish to appear under a double character, I warn you not to say anything before me, that I am not to repeat to the Queen.”

Mirabeau did not seem the least discomposed by this speech : he quietly answered, “ Let me see what I have said to you to night—so ; I believe you may repeat it all, and for the future I will profit by your hint ; but then do not com-

plain of being kept in the dark, if anything should happen to strike you as incomprehensible."

"Do not be afraid of that; and as soon as this present business is concluded, I will take care to avoid such a labyrinth for the future. I abhor deceit, or anything resembling it, and I feel no inclination to embark in any project I cannot avow to the world."

"Oh!" said Mirabeau; "that will all pass away. I was like you at your age."

"God forbid I should resemble you when I come to yours," was the insulting reply, for Arundel had not forgotten the hint about the little girl.

"Come, come, you are getting angry," said the Count; "and with me it is useless, as I have made up my mind not to notice any insult that may be offered me, which, I am moreover quite certain, you would never wish deliberately to do, particularly after this declaration. It is well known I am no coward—*j'ai fait mes preuves*; but when I entered upon my present career, I determined that nothing should provoke me to fight a duel. Anybody might find a dozen bravos to insult a person obnoxious to them; and if I killed eleven, the twelfth might kill me. And now forgive me, if I remind you that you are not doing the honours of your new apart-

ment. I am very hungry, for I have had no dinner : can you give me anything for supper ?”

“Not such a one as you will like, I am afraid,” replied Arundel, endeavouring to recover his good humour ; “but I will see what I can do for you ;” and pulling the bell, he succeeded, with the assistance of the servant, in setting something to eat before his guest, who did really seem half famished, to judge by the voracious manner in which he ate.

When he had satisfied his hunger, he again poured forth all the varied stores of his mind, and his prodigious memory ; and again Arundel felt the charm, and was subdued by the fascination of his conversation.

“I wish you had been with me at the Luxembourg,” said he, amongst other things. “I had half a mind to call for you, and take you with me, but I thought perhaps Monsieur would not like it, and might take it into his head that I had wished to bring a witness with me, and I was anxious for him to imagine that I placed the most perfect confidence in him. Always treat people, my dear Arundel, in a manner the very reverse of the feelings you have for them : for instance, if you make love to an opera dancer, behave to her as if she was a Duchess,

and if you make love to a Duchess, treat her like an opera dancer."

Arundel laughed. "Do you recommend this from your own experience?"

"To be sure I do: the contrast astonishes and amuses them; and, whenever you succeed in astonishing and amusing a woman, you may consider her as won. But to return to my Prince,—he has the reputation of being clever; and so he would be, perhaps, if he did not aim at being a wit, which sometimes makes him say and do the silliest things imaginable; however, he is incontestably the cleverest of the three brothers—not that that is saying much for him; and to-day he was evidently determined to maintain his reputation. It was regular fencing between us; you may easily imagine I was not worsted, but it was very amusing. I found out all I wanted to know, and left him not much wiser than he was before I made my appearance. I hardly know what to make of him personally; at one time, I thought he wished to play a popular part, and place himself at the head of the opposition; but latterly, he seems quite to have given up that idea, and to side with the Court on all occasions. Whether it was that we went too fast for him, or that it was merely a court intrigue from the beginning,

in order to blindfold and mislead us, I do not know, nor does it much signify. At present, as a political personage, he is quite null."

From this he started off into a variety of other topics, and it was not till a late hour that he took his departure.

The following morning, in obedience to the Queen's commands, Arundel went to the Tuileries; and this time his hopes of seeing *Maiselle de Romainville* were not doomed to be disappointed, the first object that met his eyes being Gertrude herself, sitting alone in the room into which he was introduced, but looking so pale and agitated, that a vague feeling of apprehension took possession of him.

"For heaven's sake, what is the matter?" cried he. "Are you ill or unhappy, my Gertrude? Tell me—" as she held out her hand to him in silence, "tell me, that if I cannot alleviate, I may at least share your sorrows. Will you not grant me that privilege—the dearest in my eyes you have to bestow?"

"It is because you must share in them," replied she, "that I am so unhappy. Henry, dear Henry, we must never meet again except in public, we must try to consider each other as perfect strangers;" and then she told him all that had

passed, omitting, from motives of delicacy, all allusion to the wrong the Marquis had suffered from Arundel's father, and attributing his violence to his wish to marry her to the Duc de la Rochelle; "and so you see," she continued, "all our dreams of happiness are over; it was to tell you this, that I obtained permission to see you here alone to-night—but it is the last time."

"No, by heavens! unless it is your own wish," cried Arundel, impetuously; "when a father behaves as yours has done, when he has even told you he considered you no longer as his child, you must feel you are sacrificing me to a vain prejudice."

"Oh, hush! do not call a strong sense of duty a vain prejudice. Recollect, too, my promise to the Queen, who trusts me so entirely."

"But what right has she to impose any conditions?—it is the mere caprice of power."

"Oh! how you wrong her—so good, so kind to me; and even now, when she had such good reason to be angry with me, to treat me with so much confidence. If she were to abandon me, what would become of me, without a home, without a protector?"

"Oh Gertrude! that is a question I could an-

swer if I dared." The crimson blush that overspread her cheek, showed that his meaning was understood. "No ! I see I must take my leave of happiness for ever," continued he ; " had I been loved, as I once thought I was, had you but one particle of the feeling that animates me, you would not so calmly condemn me to despair."

"Cruel, cruel," murmured Gertrude, " to talk thus to me ! Oh ! Henry, if you could but know the misery I suffer at this moment, you would not seek to increase it,—it is almost more than I can bear."

"Forgive me, dearest, forgive me—I did not know what I said. Ah no ! I know—I feel you love me ; but still you place no confidence in me, you shrink from giving me any proof of it ; on your lips, upon your decision, our everlasting happiness or misery attends. Oh ! Gertrude, I have a home in my own country—a small cottage where my father and mother found happiness. They were poor, it is true ; but they loved, and thought themselves rich. It is now mine ; why cannot we be as happy as they were ? I have a sister, I have friends, who would love and cherish my Gertrude, at first for my sake, and when known, for her own. My Gertrude, my own,

my only love, say, will you be mine?—and remember that your answer decides our fate in the world.”

He had thrown himself at her feet, and pressed both her hands in his. He seemed rather a suppliant trembling before some inexorable judge, than an ardent and impetuous lover at the feet of his mistress. How dangerous, how difficult to resist, is such a wooer! His agitation, his hopes, his fears, found a ready echo in Gertrude’s bosom, as she read the delirium of passion in the eyes and inhaled the warm and balmy breath from the lips of him she loved, whose very existence she seemed to hold in her hands. She almost gasped for breath as she endeavoured to speak.

“Spare me, spare your Gertrude—if you really love her! Could I ever know happiness if I forfeited my own esteem? How could you yourself love and respect a woman who should thus violate every duty? Be generous, Henry. If I am weak, give me strength; do not urge me to a step that would give me a life of remorse. You have saved me once from death—save me now from myself.”

But the tempter is not to be disarmed by such entreaties—they only add fuel to the flame. Again the soft imploring voice of her lover

was poured into her ear. "Ah! doubt not," he said, "if anything could add to my idolatrous passion, it would be such a proof of confidence and devotion. I cease to love you, because you have trusted to me!—how little do you know me—how little can you understand what I feel; if you knew my heart, if you could but see how entirely, how devotedly it is yours, you would not hesitate any longer. Or does my Gertrude think that she will regret the wealth and pomp of the world, or the splendours of a Court? Can you not see yourself, as I do, in our small but happy home, with your husband, your lover, by your side, owing all that this world can afford of happiness to you, and thinking every moment lost, in which he cannot give you some proof of his gratitude? That is the future which is eternally before my eyes—you can realise it, or you can change it for one too dark, too horrible to contemplate. But why should I doubt even for a moment? My Gertrude is good, she would not injure a worm—how then could she condemn to eternal misery one, whose only fault is loving her too well? It is impossible—say it is impossible."

"But my promise—my sacred promise to the Queen," whispered Gertrude, faintly.

“ It shall be kept in spirit and in letter, every tittle of it. You shall go—we will go this instant to her, and say, ‘ We are come, Madam, in the face of day, to make known our engagements and intentions : who shall oppose them when the Marquis de Romainville does not ? ’ ”

“ Oh ! Henry, my father’s curse—it would kill me ! I dare not, I cannot listen to you ! He is my father still. Oh ! do not look at me so—my heart is half-broken already. Will you break it quite, with your angry, unkind looks ? Hear me, Henry : you said I refused you every proof of love or confidence. I will give you one of both, the greatest that can be given. I am here unprotected, helpless, without a friend or adviser : you say you have a sister—place her but for a moment in my situation, and decide for her. If my love for you is great, my confidence in your honour is no less ; advise me as you would her, and I take heaven to witness I will abide by your decision.”

Arundel started to his feet as if stung by a serpent, and he turned deadly pale, as he staggered to a chair, where he sat in silence for some minutes, with his head buried in his hands. The recollection of all that had passed between himself and Hammond, when he first became ac-

quainted with the love of the latter for Ellen, rushed like a torrent across his brain. How venial was the error of the conduct he had then so strongly condemned, compared with that of which he was now guilty ! What, was it possible that he, Arundel, who had so strongly protested against his sister marrying into a family without the consent of its chief, should have been using every argument to induce the woman whom he loved, whom he respected and esteemed, for whose salvation, if necessary, he would have risked his own soul, not only to disobey her father's commands, but to incur his malediction ! How selfish, how criminal did he appear, as the voice of honour again made itself heard in his breast. With a deep feeling of remorse and self-abasement, he again approached the chair where Gertrude was sitting, and hardly venturing to look at her, said, in a low, almost solemn tone of voice—

“Gertrude, I have erred, deeply erred; and if I have at length recovered my senses it is to your goodness, to your virtue, that I owe it; forgive me, if, in the intoxication of passion, I endeavoured to persuade you to quit the path which duty pointed out. Ah ! forgive me, for if I have sinned, the punishment you have inflicted on me

is as grievous as the offence ; you have placed the cup of happiness within my reach, and yet compelled me to put it aside. Oh ! Gertrude, dearer to me at this moment, when hope almost abandons me, ten thousand times, than when I thought you mine, say you forgive me—say that you are convinced of the sincerity of my repentance. Do you want a proof ? If you think yourself bound by any engagement to me, I renounce it : you are as free as air to obey your father in all he requires—give me up for ever, marry the Duc de la Rochelle (his voice was almost choked as he spoke the name)—and if I know you are happy, all will not look so dark around me.”

“ Oh never ! ” cried Gertrude ; “ if it is sinful to disobey a father’s commands, how much more so to give my hand where I cannot give my heart ; could you so easily pledge your faith to another ? ”

“ How can you ask me ? You, and you only. What may be reserved for me, I know not ; but this I do know—that though I may never call you mine, I solemnly vow never to marry another. The miserable consolation of remaining faithful, even without hope, to my first, my only love, I cannot be deprived of. Do you think the

heart that is Gertrude's could ever beat for another?"

"And yet this only consolation that is left us," rejoined Gertrude, "you wish to deprive me of. Judge of my heart by your own, and you will see our destinies must be the same."

"Listen to me for one moment, Gertrude, whom I dare not call mine."

"Ah! yes—yours, and yours only; let the same vow unite us both. We may be separated—we may perhaps never see each other again; but our love is independent of fate—we shall still be as one mind, one heart, one soul. When we rise in the morning our first thoughts will be for each other; when we lie down at night, our last prayers will be for each other's happiness: my Henry, we shall yet have many enjoyments in common—we shall not be completely miserable."

How beautiful, how radiant, how like a being of some better world, did the enthusiastic girl look, as she turned her appealing eyes on Arundel. He could scarcely refrain from snatching her to his arms.

"Yes!" he cried, "this was all that was wanting to make me feel the full extent of my sacrifice. Yes, beautiful being," continued he, as he

kneelt before her, "you shall be to me my guardian angel—your spirit shall watch over me; and if ever I for a moment forget the laws of virtue, or of duty, one thought of you will recall me to myself. If man separates us here, our souls are beyond his control; our minds are free, and these at least, he cannot disunite. But, my Gertrude, must we give up all hope—is your father so inexorable?—will not the Queen do anything for us?"

"My reason tells me," replied she, "there is no hope—but still hope remains; do you think anything else could have supported me so long? But what that hope springs from I cannot say; my father never changes his determination, and any attempt to induce him to do so, would only confirm him in it; still more particularly if it came from such a person as the Queen, because he would look upon it as an attempt to dictate to him, and to interfere in his family affairs."

"And this Duke, who and what is he?" asked Arundel.

"Oh! he is the best, the dearest man in the world," said Gertrude, quite innocently; but Arundel, who, perhaps, had hoped to hear Gertrude express something like dislike of his rival, was by no means gratified by this unexpected eulogy.

“What on earth do you mean, Mademoiselle de Romainville?” said he.

Gertrude turned with surprise at the rather rude question, and cold tone in which it was put; but recollecting what had occasioned it, she could not help laughing at Arundel’s looks of discomposure. She soon, however, put him *au fait*; and then he was quite as ready to join in the Duke’s praise as he had been prepared to dislike him; and he said he should feel exceedingly flattered by his visit.

The entrance of the Queen interrupted all further private conversation between them.

“I presume, Mr. Arundel,” said she, “Gertrude has already informed you of the situation in which she now stands. Of course, you must be aware of the impropriety of her continuing to receive the homage of any one of whom her father disapproves; she has promised me no longer to permit it, and to treat you, when she is in society with you, merely as a common acquaintance; what she has promised she will, I know, fulfil; but I should not be performing my duty, did I not also exact from you a promise to make no attempts to persuade her from her duty. I am sure you have no such intentions; and I shall feel quite satisfied with your word of honour.”

“I give it, Madam, freely ; but with the understanding that it is not to prevent my making every attempt in my power to obtain her father’s consent. I had rather part with life, than the hope of one day calling Gertrude mine.”

“Very well,” replied Marie Antoinette ; “that I have nothing to do with ; your promise only applies to Gertrude herself ; and to begin the execution of it, I will remind you, that at Paris, it is not the custom to call our common acquaintance by their christian names.”

“I beg your Majesty’s pardon, and that of Mademoiselle de Romainville : I will offend no more.”

“Nay,” said the Queen, smiling, “you have not offended me ; and if you have offended Mademoiselle de Romainville, I will endeavour to make your peace with her ; but if anybody else had heard you, they would have been initiated into your secret at once. And now to turn to other matters—have you seen the Count de Mirabeau, and how is he pleased with his reception by Monsieur?”

“He seems to me, Madam, to complain of not being treated with confidence, and to fear that, if he is not fully trusted, he will not have

it in his power to serve the king as effectually as he would wish to do."

"And how can he expect confidence, when at this very moment he is the object, with his friend the Duke of Orleans, of an investigation, on the part of the Chatelet, on suspicion—and well grounded suspicion too—of being the instigators of the outrages of the 6th of October? He must first be cleared of this accusation, before he can hope for confidence on our parts. But what does he want—did he specify anything in particular?"

"He wishes much to be favoured by your Majesty with an audience."

"How can he expect such a thing? I ask you, sir, if you would advise me to see such a man?"

"I believe I have before said, Madam, that he would be less dangerous as an open, than as a secret enemy; and such I fear he may become if his vanity is hurt. An interview with your Majesty would flatter him, and I do not think could in any way compromise you, as, of course, you would not see him alone."

"Well, I will think of it; but just at present it is out of the question. The apartments are beginning to fill—I wish you to go out by the

private entrance, and return by the public one; it would not do for you to be seen here closetted with me." Arundel, however, did not feel equal to the task of encountering a large society, and having asked permission to retire, easily obtained it.

From this day his whole existence was changed; he no longer frequented general society, he was little at the Tuilleries, and the moments he spent there, were perhaps those in which he felt most uncomfortable and miserable. To see Gertrude surrounded by others, who enjoyed the privilege, of which he was deprived, of talking to her, and endeavouring to interest her, was to him a torture, that seemed scarcely supportable. Mademoiselle de Romainville had a short time before been named to a situation about the Queen's person, and now formed part of her court. She was obliged, therefore, to appear on all public occasions; and her beauty, her father's wealth, and the royal favour which she enjoyed, soon collected around her a crowd of admirers; and sometimes, when Arundel, not daring to join the animated circle of which she formed the centre, and yet unable to tear himself from it, hovered around, watching with feverish anxiety for a single glance from her, he would have the

mortification of seeing some titled fop, some insignificant appendage of the court, in apparently close conversation with her, and listened to with attention.

To what doubts, what fears, was he the daily victim. Sometimes he would accuse her of wilfully avoiding his eye, and not giving him the opportunity of saying those common-place nothings, which usually pass unnoticed alike by those who say them and those to whom they are addressed, but to which a lover can, by a look or by a tone, give a value. Sometimes he would fancy that her looks were colder than usual, or that she purposely laughed and talked with those about her, when he was near, as if to show him how little he was necessary to her happiness. There is no tormentor so ingenious as jealousy; and certainly if ever man did rack his thoughts and imagination to torture himself, it was Arundel. Every look he could catch, every word that reached his ears, was carefully misinterpreted; and perhaps his indignation was the greater, that he had not been able to detect any one to whom she showed a decided preference. She seemed to treat all alike; and this, in Arundel's eyes, immediately assumed the appearance of general coquetry.

Poor Gertrude !—how ill he judged her. How often does the merry-sounding laugh mask an aching heart !—how often does the air of rapt attention and interest, so flattering in appearance, serve but to conceal the total absence of thoughts, at that moment concentrated on some far different object. Such was but too often the case with Gertrude. Day by day, her love for Arundel grew stronger, but day by day her hopes grew less ; and as they gradually faded away, she seemed to cling more pertinaciously, more fondly to what was at once the poison and the antidote—to what was consuming her with a slow fire, and yet gave her strength to bear the tortures it produced.

With no active occupation, passing the greatest part of her time in the solitude of her own apartment, she saw but one image—it was that of her beloved ; she had but one idea—it was that there existed an impenetrable barrier between them. If forced by her duties to appear in public, she endeavoured, by a violent effort, to brace herself up to the task ; and perhaps a momentary gleam of sun-shine glancing across her mind, at the thought that she might see him, might possibly exchange a few words with him, inspired her with spirits and cheerfulness to reply in some-

thing like her former animated manner to those who were near her ; an angry look from Arundel would throw her back upon herself, and bring the unbidden tear to her eye—yet never did she for a moment accuse him to herself of injustice or unkindness. Her loving heart always suggested some excuse for him ; he could not feel anger, he could not feel jealousy—it could only be grief and uneasiness ;—he had so much to suffer, so much to try his temper, no wonder he did not always look cheerful. But this could not last much longer. The rose no longer found a rival in her cheek : she grew thin and pale ; and her strength began to fail her ; it was evident her health was sinking in the unequal contest. This was soon apparent to the Queen, who, full of uneasiness—for she truly felt the affection of a mother for her—and not knowing how to act in so delicate a dilemma, determined to consult with the Duc de la Rochelle, as to what course was the best to be pursued. She sent for him one morning, and explained the cause of her embarrassment to him.

“ I really do not know what to do,” said she ; “ this poor child is so altered, that I begin to fear for her health ; yet she never complains, and to all my enquires only repeats that I am mis-

taken in supposing she is ill or unhappy. She never mentions Mr. Arundel's name, and sometimes does not speak to him when he comes to the palace; but the instant he appears, her colour comes and goes twenty times in a minute, and she is in such a state of nervous agitation, that I am sure it must be remarked;—it is clear she thinks of nothing but him; I sometimes almost wish I had not exacted any promise from her, and let things take their course. And then, Mr. Arundel is so changed—not in appearance certainly, but in manner. He speaks to no one; or if he does, it is only to give an abrupt, sometime a rude answer, and his eyes look quite ferocious. What am I to do?—you, who have already acted so nobly and generously, assist me with your advice.”

“That I would do most readily, Madam,” replied the Duke; “but I declare I am as much at a loss as your Majesty. The only hope is with the Marquis, and that is quite a forlorn one, I fear. He has left Paris, too, for some time.”

“It is impossible for me,” said the Queen, “to give any direct encouragement to this unfortunate attachment; but I cannot bear to see my poor Gertrude suffer in this way; what do you think if I was to let her see him in my presence, without any other witnesses?”

“ I much fear that it will only prove a temporary remedy : however, it will give us time to reflect on what can be done, and perhaps, under present circumstances, your Majesty cannot do better.”

“ Well, then, will you be so good as to call on him, and tell him I wish to see him this evening ? I ask you to take this trouble, as perhaps it will be as well to prepare him for it ; he has not been here for some time, and Gertrude is dreadfully changed in the last few days.”

“ That I will, with pleasure,” replied the good-natured Duke ; “ more particularly as I have long had the wish to know him, and, charged with your Majesty’s message, I shall have no difficulty in introducing myself.”

Fraught with these benevolent intentions, the Duke arrived at Arundel’s lodgings, whom he fortunately found at home, endeavouring to read himself into a calm state of mind.

“ I ought to apologize,” said the Duke, “ for presenting myself to you, a perfect stranger ; but I trust a message I bring you from the Queen, who desires to see you this evening, at the palace, and my own anxious wish to make your acquaintance, will be admitted as a sufficient apology.”

Arundel assured him that none was necessary,

and that he felt highly flattered by his having taken such a step. The Duke was proceeding to mention more particularly the object of his visit, when the door was opened, and the servant said, a gentleman on particular business wished to see Mr. Arundel; and before any answer could be given, a smart, dapper little man, with a most consequential air, and a certain rotundity of figure, that spoke a man well to do in the world, tripped into the room.

“Monsieur Arundel,” said he, “I have the honour of saluting you. The Duc de la Rochelle, I declare! Well, was ever anything more fortunate!—the very man I could have wished to see: permit me to lay the homage of my respects at your feet.”

“Monsieur Tournon, if I mistake not,” said the Duke.

“Yes, sir; my name is Tournon, notary and agent to the Marquis de Romainville, with whose daughter I understand you are shortly to be united.”

At these words Arundel turned fiercely to the Duke. “May I ask, Monsieur le Duc, if you were aware of Monsieur Tournon’s intended visit?”

“On my honour, no; and as it is totally im-

possible that this business, whatever it may be, can in any way regard me, I will, with your permission, retire, and take the liberty of repeating my visit at a more favourable opportunity."

"No, sir; Monsieur Tournon appears to be enchanted with your presence, and I make it also my personal request that you will remain." The Duke returned unwillingly to his chair. "And now, sir, to the point; what have you to say to me from the Marquis de Romainville?"

"Sir, my noble employer has charged me with the agreeable task of expressing to you his thanks for the service you had the good fortune to render him, on the morning of the 6th of October, at the palace at Versailles, when you so courageously and opportunely came to the assistance of his daughter. Sir, many persons, in the situation of the Marquis de Romainville, would conceive that such an acknowledgment, accompanied by promises of future favour and protection, would more than repay an accidental service, rendered by an obscure individual."

"Stop, sir," cried the Duke, rising from his seat in the greatest agitation; but Arundel, laying his hand on his arm, held him forcibly down. "Pardon me," Monsieur le Duc," said he; "it is absolutely necessary that I should hear Mon-

sieur Tournon to the end—I must entreat you will not interrupt him.”

“Yes, sir,” said that worthy, “of course you will not hear it properly, if I am interrupted. It is not so easy to resume the thread of one’s discourse. Where was I?”

“Your last words were,” said Arundel, calmly, “‘an obscure individual.’”

“Oh! yes—true; let me see—hum—hum: by an obscure individual; but the Marquis de Romainville, whose generosity is equal to his noble birth, and exalted station—indeed, I think he has carried his liberality to an extent that some would call extravagance—offers to settle upon you one million of francs.” And the little man pronounced the words as if the very mention of so great a sum had taken away his breath. “Yes, sir, one million of francs, to be paid down this very day, if you please, upon the condition that you change your name, and engage yourself never to reside in France. Presuming that of course you would have no objection to these conditions, I have had the deeds drawn up ready for your signature,” and so saying he laid a parchment on the table.

Arundel, who had listened with tolerable calmness to the first part of Monsieur Tour-

non's speech, and who had only evinced his indignation at the mention of a sum of money by the heightened colour of his face, turned ghastly pale at hearing the conditions annexed. The fit of passion, that had been fermenting, burst forth with fearful violence.

“God of Heaven!” cried he, starting up, “do I hear aright?—change my name—the name of my ancestors—banish myself from France—sell my blood for money! Insult upon insult, which all the blood of the man who dares to offer them would be insufficient to wash out! And what man is it?—one, who, without me, would at this moment have been childless; one whose daughter, but for me, would have been torn limb from limb by the savages into whose hands she had fallen!—And what is the fate he awards us?—he persecutes his daughter, he grossly insults me; he makes us both miserable. Is he a god, that he dares to act thus?—or the equal of God, that he presumes to trample upon his fellow-creatures? And you,” continued he, turning to Monsieur Tournon, who had retreated into a corner of the room, petrified with fear, at what he considered the ravings of a man seized with a sudden fit of insanity;—“and you, miserable wretch, who have

dared to bring me these insolent proposals, clothed in a language still more insolent, thank your insignificance for the protection it affords you. Tell your master that I despise and spit upon his proposals, and that if I refrain from exacting a heavy revenge, it is because he is the father of an angel. Gratitude, indeed!—what right has he to talk of gratitude for saving a daughter he has renounced? Away, sir, and remember that if you present yourself before me again, it will be at your own risk!”

Monsieur Tournon attempted to say something, but what it was no one heard, for the Duc de la Rochelle, who had placed himself near at hand, in order to save him from any personal attack, which Arundel in his wrath might have attempted, took him by the two shoulders, and fairly thrust him out of the room. Arundel’s passion, however, was not yet calmed; turning suddenly to the Duke, he exclaimed :

“And you, sir, who were here so opportunely to hear me so grossly outraged, at the instigation of your friend, of your would-be father-in-law, you may also tell him that as long as I have breath in my body, I will neither forget nor forgive his insolence.”

“Mr Arundel,” said the Duke, calmly, “the insult you have received, is so gross, so unprovoked, so utterly unpardonable, that I can well excuse the feelings with which you are animated, and I can easily forgive the insinuation you have thrown out as regards myself; although I think, that considering my age, the conversation I lately held with Mademoiselle de Romainville, and the intentions with which I visited you, it might have been spared me; however, as I have before said, I can make every allowance for your present feelings, and will say no more about it. One thing I will venture to assert, that, whatever may be the message the Marquis may have intended to send you, he would never have sanctioned the expressions which you have been compelled to listen to. Whatever his faults may be, he is a gentleman; and out of respect to himself, if on no other account, would never depart from the language befitting one.”

“And do you think me, Monsieur le Duc, such a fool, such a drivelling idiot, as to feel angry at the vulgarity of that wretched tool, who has just left us? But it is over—I am cool. I see what I have to expect from the Marquis;

but if he thinks that I am to be intimidated, or turned from my course, by such paltry, by such despicable means as these, he is much mistaken. I see his drift as clearly as if he explained it to me himself; he knew he was insulting me—he knew he was making such a breach between us as can never be filled up—he knew the feelings his insolence would produce; and no doubt, when his agent relates this scene to him, he will laugh in his sleeve at the success of his manœuvres. But he may yet be mistaken. He is rich, powerful, surrounded by friends—I am alone in a foreign land, the last heir of a ruined race; but I may yet find the means of humbling his pride, and I vow to God—”

“Stop, for heaven’s sake, Mr. Arundel,” interrupted the Duke; “consider what you are about. Do you think that all this violence will assist you in removing the obstacles that stand between you and Mademoiselle de Romainville? If you really feel the attachment for her you assert you do, you should carefully abstain from further irritating her father; for believe me, and I speak from a thorough knowledge of her character, without her father’s consent she will never be yours. Her heart may break in the

struggle, but she will not abandon what she justly considers so paramount a duty."

"Then may God help us both, for I see there is no hope for us on earth."

The storm was past; and overcome by the violence of his feelings and his conviction that the Duke spoke no more than the truth, Arundel sank into a chair, as completely helpless as an infant. The good-natured Duke took him kindly by the hand.

"Come, come, my young friend—if you will allow me so to call you," said he, "you must not abandon yourself in this way to despair. The way before you is dark and gloomy enough, but while there is life there is hope. You are both young enough to wait some years; and many things may happen in your favour in that time. You must keep up your spirits for poor Gertrude's sake, or she will sink under her trying situation—she is very far from well."

"Far from well!—good God! is she ill?—tell me, I intreat you, what you know."

The Duke explained to him as well as he could, the state in which Gertrude had been for some time; adding that there could be no doubt it was anxiety that was preying upon her mind, and that if that were more tranquil, her

health would soon be reestablished. Arundel was struck with remorse.

“Oh! what a wretch I am!” he exclaimed; “it is all my doing. I treated her so unkindly, because I thought she was happy and gay, while she knew I was miserable. Dear Gertrude, what can you think of me who have plunged you into this horrible situation, and am now doing all I can to kill you? Oh! Monsieur le Duc, I hardly dare appear before her: she must so hate and despise me—does she not mention me with horror! What a monster of jealousy and cruelty she must think me! How could I doubt my own Gertrude for a moment! I will go this instant, and implore her forgiveness. Did you not say the queen wanted me?”

“Yes; but it is yet at least two hours too soon, so try and calm yourself, or you will do Gertrude more harm than good. How you could take it into your head to be jealous of that dear girl I cannot imagine, for I never yet saw any one so totally devoid of all coquetry. She seems to be ignorant of her own attractions, and never, for a moment, would allow any man to pass the limits of the strictest decorum. I begin to think, after all, that if you young fellows are

most successful in winning ladies' hearts, we old ones are best deserving of them."

"I was mad, I believe," replied Arundel; "but when I saw all those crowds round her, talking to her, and laughing with her, and myself obliged to remain at a distance, I felt as if I could with pleasure have annihilated the whole group; but if a life of confiding devotion can wash out my fault, she shall never have cause to complain for the future."

"Well, I am glad to hear it for both your sakes;—for hers, because these passionate displays are more than she can bear; and for yours, because I believe you would never forgive yourself, if you caused her any serious uneasiness. Excuse my making this remark, but I confess I love her as if she was my daughter, and feel proportionately interested for you."

"How good of you to speak to me thus, after the rude manner in which I behaved to you; can you forgive my petulance and folly?" said our hero.

"That is done already, provided you will treat me like an old friend—in short, as Gertrude does, for the future. Let me give you one more piece of advice before we part; do not say

one word about what passed this morning to Gertrude ; it would only agitate her needlessly."

Arundel promised compliance, and the Duke took his leave.

CHAPTER IV.

It was yet wanting some time of the hour at which Arundel was expected at the Tuilleries, but he was too restless to remain at home. Taking his hat, he walked out, and mechanically took his way to the gardens of the palace. Anxiously did he pace up and down on the terrace, endeavouring to guess at the windows of the room belonging to his Gertrude; and as the darkness increased, and lights appeared all over the building, eagerly did he strain his eyes, in hopes to catch a transient glimpse of her loved form. The sentries eyed him with suspicion, and had more than once disturbed his reveries, by calling to him to remove from their beat. How tediously did the time seem to loiter!—but the longest period has an end, and at length the

clock announced the hour at which he might present himself. In an instant he was at the door of the private apartments, and a second afterwards in the presence of the Queen and Gertrude. His eyes grew dizzy as he marked the change which a few short days had made in the appearance of the latter, as, hardly able to support herself, she advanced to meet him. He pressed her hand in silence ; the presence in which he was, prevented him from addressing her in the language his heart would have dictated, and to use any other would have been a bitter mockery. Soon recovering himself, he apologised to the Queen for his disrespect to her, and endeavoured to begin a conversation on indifferent subjects ; but the attempt was vain, and a silence ensued, which all parties began to find very embarrassing. At length, the Queen said—

“ I sent for you, Mr. Arundel, to see if you could help me in making out what is the matter with this silly child : you see how ill she is looking, and yet she persists in saying that she is feeling perfectly well ; perhaps you may be able to persuade her to tell me if she is ill or unhappy.”

“ Oh yes ! no one better,” exclaimed he ;

and forthwith he began to accuse himself with astonishing volubility and violence, of a long series of crimes and misdemeanours, which, he insisted upon it, and with some ground of reason, were, if not the only, at least, the principal causes of Mademoiselle de Romainville's altered looks. How long he might have continued in the same strain, there is no saying, had not Gertrude herself exclaimed :

“ Oh Henry !—Mr. Arundel, I mean—do not talk of yourself in this manner; you are not telling the truth when you accuse yourself thus. I saw sometimes you were annoyed, but I know you were as unhappy as myself; and it is so difficult to command one's looks. But for jealousy—oh ! no, that I will never believe—it is not possible you could have been jealous of me, or you must think very badly, very lightly of me.”

“ What a horrible idea !” said her lover ; “ no, it was not jealousy, perhaps, but it was worse—it was envy of those who were enjoying a happiness from which I was excluded. I felt miserable and angry with all the world, even with you—yes, do not stop me—let me confess all my littleness, all my ingratitude; it is the only expiation I can make; the only way in which I can merit forgiveness.”

“My forgiveness—oh ! you may always be sure of that, before the offence is committed : but do not distrust me again. It is the only comfort I have left, to think your love is founded on esteem and confidence in my truth. How else can it last ? All the world might tell me you loved, —nay, that you were married to another—and I should not believe them.”

“How unworthy do I feel of such a love as yours,” said Arundel ; “I am but a man : how can I hope to approach such perfection as yours ? But I will endeavour to make myself such as you shall not have to blush for. I will try to imitate you in all. My heart, my life, my soul is all yours, and still I feel myself a beggar in gratitude, so little is the offering worthy of the shrine.”

“You must not continue thus, if you hope to see Gertrude again,” interposed Marie Antoinette ; “indeed I ought to have stopped this conversation long ago, but I believe I am almost myself infected with your folly ; but, however, Gertrude must now be quite satisfied with your explanations, and I can allow no further infringements of your mutual promises.”

“My promise, Madam !” exclaimed Arundel : “surely your Majesty cannot think I have vio-

lated that? I have not once called her by her Christian name—I have not once sought to engage her in any secret correspondence, or to fetter her by any secret engagement. Your Majesty has heard every word that has passed between us: but I would proclaim to the whole world, if necessary, that our love, our hopes, our fears, our pleasures and our pains, are inseparably connected. Heaven approves our union, since it has so entwined our souls; and I will never cease in my endeavours to compel the world to sanction it also, nor will I resign my claim, my right to her hand, until ordered by herself to do so.”

“Stop, sir,” said the queen; “you forget yourself; you forget the respect due to me—and I will add, that due to Mademoiselle de Romainville—by compelling us to listen to such language: or do you think the agitation into which you throw her by these ravings, will restore her to tranquillity and happiness?” And in fact Gertrude had sunk back upon the sofa by the side of the Queen, quite overcome.

Arundel threw himself upon his knees before the Queen.

“Forgive me, Madam,” he cried; “forgive me, my own Gertrude!—I am but the slave of my

feelings. Two months ago, I dared to say to myself, ‘ I am master of my passions, who shall attempt to disturb them ?’ and heaven, in its justice, has punished me by almost depriving me of my reason. Forgive me, and I will not again abuse the indulgence your Majesty deigns to show me.”

“ I think upon that assurance we may venture to pardon him, Gertrude ; arise, and endeavour to talk rationally. How do you intend to act ?—for I see it is impossible that this sort of intercourse should continue. It would be much better, for both your sakes, if you were to be altogether separated, for some time at least. I think you could not do better than to quit Paris, Mr. Arundel, for some months. If you wish it, I will take care that you shall receive such an employment as shall make your absence both useful and agreeable to you.”

“ Do you too wish to banish me, Madam ?—to drive me away from all I hold dear ? As it is, I pass my days and nights in misery, but yet I have always a gleam of light to cheer me, when the hour comes at which I can get one look, if but for a moment, and at a distance of my—of Mademoiselle de Romainville. Do you too wish

me to go far from you?" added he, turning to Gertrude.

"That is a question I will answer for her," said the Queen; "if she has any regard for you, she must wish to see you occupying a position in which you will be usefully and honourably employed, with opportunities of distinguishing yourself, rather than to know you leading an idle, useless life at Paris. She will tell you that though she may look forward with as much pleasure as yourself to the moments in which you meet, she is not so selfish as to prefer her own gratification, to what will conduce to your honour and advantage."

"What is honour or advantage to me if she is not to share them with me?"

"Really, sir, I have no patience with your childishness: I thought I was talking to a man of sense. Do you suppose that you can ever obtain your wishes by remaining here with your arms folded? If you entertain hopes, as you say you do, of vanquishing the obstacles by which you are surrounded, am I not pointing out to you the very road you ought to take? You have friends who wish to assist you, but who can help a man who will not help himself?"

"Yes! I will go: I will obey your Majesty's

orders, and only hope that the employment you deign to obtain for me may be such as will enable me to prove my devotion and gratitude to your Majesty."

"Now I recognize again Mr. Arundel. I will consult the King on the subject, and rest assured that, as long as you act as you have hitherto done, my favour and protection will never fail you. Adieu, Sir; you will receive the King's commands in a few days, and before you go, I will let you know when I can receive you to take your leave: and now leave us, Gertrude is too tired and weak to bear any more agitation to-night;" and indeed she seemed to have fallen into a state of stupor, the only signs of animation being the large drops that slowly and silently fell from her eyelids upon her bosom. Arundel was alarmed beyond all expression.

"How can I leave her in this state?" cried he, taking her hand, which hung listlessly by her side; "one word—give me but one word, before I go, my own life."

"You must go," said the Queen; "do not be alarmed—it is merely exhaustion; but you must go before I ring for her attendants; every minute you stay adds to her sufferings, and the difficulty we shall have in conquering them: go,

and if it is any relief to you, I will take care you shall know how she is to-morrow morning."

"God bless you, Madam: may you never know what I feel at this moment." A deep sigh was the only answer he received, and in an instant after, he had quitted the Palace.

He was yet at breakfast next morning, when the Duc de la Rochelle was announced.

"I am come again," said he, "in the character of an envoy, but this time I bring my despatches with me. I hope I have not lost them—ah! no, here they are." Arundel impatiently tore open the note: it contained but two lines, but he would not have exchanged them for all the wealth of his ancestors:

"I am better, much better—and even happier than I have been for many days. I quite approve of the resolution you have taken. We shall meet once more—adieu till then.

"GERTRUDE."

"Is she indeed better?" said Arundel; "have you seen her yourself? If you knew what I have suffered this night! I left her looking like a corpse, but still so lovely, so beautiful. How could I leave her?"

“ You left her,” was the answer, “ because you were reasonable, and you are rewarded for it by hearing how much better she is this morning. I saw her myself while she was writing this note, and I assure you, I was rejoiced to see the improvement in her looks. I could not have believed it. You would really make a very skilful physician, Mr. Arundel. But what makes you so melancholy?—one would think I had brought you bad, instead of good news.”

“ Do you not know I am to leave Paris?—and she remains without a friend.”

“ Without a friend !” cried the Duke ; “ to say nothing of the Queen, who could not take more care of her if she were her own daughter, do you reckon me for nothing?—no, depend upon it, when you return, you will find her well taken care of, and I will answer for it, with her affections unchanged ; but *à propos*, do you know your destination ?”

“ No, indeed.”

“ Well, then, I can tell you ; you are to be named secretary of Embassy to Petersburg, and you will start in the beginning of next week, as the despatches, of which you are to be the bearer, will not be ready before.”

“ To Saint Petersburg !” exclaimed Arun-

del; "and why not to China?—that would answer the purpose better, which I see is to get me as far from Paris as possible; but I will not go: after all I am a free agent, and I will not be treated like a child."

"My dear friend, if you were treated like one, it would be no more than you deserve; but you will not be so unreasonable. You are sent to Saint Petersburg, because it is the best situation vacant at present, and I assure you there was no lack of competition for it. After all, it is but a fortnight's journey, and you will not remain there for ever. Why, what on earth did you expect—to be sent as Ambassador to London, I suppose?"

"I had rather sweep the crossings before her windows," said Arundel; "but do not be uneasy—I will not sacrifice myself by halves; I will go wherever it pleases the Queen to send me—it is the least I can do to shew my sense of her goodness: but I suppose she will allow Mademoiselle de Romainville to write to me occasionally."

"I am sure I can give no answer to that question; but if you will accept of me for a correspondent, I will take care to let you know how she is going on."

“Thank you a thousand times, my dear Duke; your offer is most acceptable to me. If you see the Queen before me, pray assure her of my eternal gratitude. My reason tells me that this arrangement, however painful, is for the best; it will render our future meeting doubly sweet.”

In this manner did Arundel endeavour to reconcile himself to the idea of parting with Gertrude; but it was in vain that he tried to argue himself into happiness, and confidence in his future prospects. In one point of view, however, his absence seemed to him desirable, and that was, in the facility it afforded him for breaking through his connection with Mirabeau and his party, while, at the same time, it enabled him to avoid participating in any of the intrigues of the Court. Although he was not in the secret, many circumstances concurred to convince him, that the Royalists were not sincere in their acquiescence in the projected constitution; and he felt a continual dread lest he should be asked to join in projects, to which he could not conscientiously lend his assistance, and to which he could not refuse it, without offending the Queen, and creating fresh obstacles to his intercourse with Gertrude.

From all these difficulties he now found him-

self freed, and launched into a career which has ever proved the high road to honours and distinction ; how happy, too, did he feel that he had not bound himself in any way to Mirabeau, for the subject of the journal appeared to have been dropped between them, as if by mutual consent. Still, notwithstanding all these advantages, as the time for his departure drew near, his anxiety and heaviness of heart increased. He felt as if by putting such a distance between him and Gertrude, he was tacitly relinquishing all his hopes. He could not rest by day, nor sleep by night : in vain he tried to weary his body in the hopes of forcing himself to sleep. There is a weariness of the mind, a heaviness of the heart, before which the fatigue of the body vanishes. Feverish agitation supplies the place of strength, and enables the weakest of us to go through bodily labour, from which a person endued with a strong frame and healthy mind would shrink.

It was on one of these occasions, when he was returning on foot from Montmorency, that a carriage passed him, evidently a hired one, and with nobody in it except one female. Arundel was too much occupied with his own thoughts to pay any attention to it ; but it had hardly passed

him, before it suddenly stopped, and a little cry of pleasure, and the sound of his own name, made him look up. It was Coralie who had thus addressed him, but so simply dressed that he hardly recognized her. At any other time he would probably have passed her unnoticed, but he happened to be in a particularly good humour. His reveries had carried him into an ideal world of his own, in which he reigned paramount, married to Gertrude, and surrounded by children of every age and sex. He felt happier than he had done for a long time. This world and its cares were quite forgotten, and when recalled to the recollection of sublunary things, his sensations were too agreeable to yield immediately to the sad reality. Besides, he felt really something like friendship for one who had shown so much partiality for him; and it was with a feeling of pleasure that he approached the carriage, which had drawn up by the road side, waiting for him.

“I am so glad to see you,” said Coralie, as soon as she thought she could make herself heard: “though I hope you will confess, after the way in which you have treated me, you do not deserve I should care a straw about you. Never to come and see me, though you have

been so long at Paris—I knew how it would be. Some great lady has made you forget me quite. But I am not angry—at least I will not be, if you will make some tolerable excuse for your conduct.”

“Indeed I have none to make, except that I have been ill, and out of spirits.”

“Ah! well, that will do,” said she; “so do oblige me and get in. I should like to talk to you, and I will set you down before we get to Paris.”

Arundel, who was tired with the long walk he had taken, and who had no better resource before him than a *coucou*, consented, and seated himself by her side.

“And now tell me,” said he, “where you have been to in this carriage, when you have so pretty an equipage of your own: and in such a dress too; I declare it looks like a masquerade, only we are not in the Carnival. Ah! you blush—it is lucky for you I have no right to be jealous.”

“Well! if I do blush,” said she, “I have no reason to do so; do not shake your head in that way—well, I have a great mind to tell you, if you will promise not to laugh at me.”

Arundel assured her he would preserve all becoming gravity.

“Well then, I have been to see my daughter!—”

“Your daughter!—nay, now you are laughing at me.”

“Yes! my daughter—why should I not have a daughter?”

“Only—because you are but a child yourself!”

“A child!—why I am nearly nineteen, and she is not old—only ten months, but so pretty, and so good: the nurse tells me, she hardly ever cries; and then she knows me too; only think, she has learnt already to call me Mamma—is she not clever?”

“Very; but tell me who is the happy father—your friend the banker?”

Coralie turned away her head, as she answered that he was not.

“Oh! if it is a secret, I beg your pardon for being so indiscreet,” said he.

“No! it is not a secret: at least, I do not see why it should be so to you, who are so good and kind to me; but it makes me think of one I shall never see again, and brings to my recollection the time when I was happy, and better than I am now.”

“And are you not happy now, then?”

“ Oh ! no: I am gay very often, but never happy. Yes, I was happy to-day, when my little Emma spoke to me for the first time : then indeed I was happy.”

“ Poor Coralie ! will you not tell me your history ? I should so like to know it.”

“ Oh ! I have no great history to tell ; but if you wish it, I will tell it you. Not two years ago, I was living with my uncle, who is a farmer in Normandy — for I have no father or mother ; and his eldest son loved me very much, and I loved him too ; but his father would not let him marry me, because I had no money, and he was rich ; but still you know that could not prevent our loving each other. One evening, when we were talking together about our hopes, it seemed to me as if he was dearer to me than ever : and he begged me so hard to let him come to my room at night, and seemed so miserable, that I could not refuse him quite, as I ought to have done, though I did not consent to it. But some how or other, he got in before I went up to bed, and then I could not have turned him out without making a noise, and disturbing his father, who would have turned me out of the house ; so I was obliged to let him remain. But he promised most faithfully to

marry me, and he would have done so, poor fellow, if he had had it in his power. After this we used to be together as much as we could, and then I found that—in short, that Emma would be born.

“When I told Charles this, he promised he would marry me without his father’s consent even; and it was agreed that he should make some little arrangements first, and we both felt sure that my uncle would forgive us, when it could not be prevented, for he was a kind-hearted man, only very fond of money. Unluckily, a great nobleman who lived near us—I must not tell you his name, for if ever he knew I had done so, he would have me shut up—but he was a great nobleman, nearly the first in the kingdom, met me one day, and told me I was pretty, and all that sort of thing, and offered me a great deal of money if I would live with him: but how could I when I loved Charles so much?—and so I told him, but still he continued to persecute me whenever he could meet me. However, I did not much mind it, as the day was approaching on which I was to be married.

“The evening before, I walked out to meet Charles, for the last time before I was to be his wife, when all at once I was seized by some of

the Duke's servants, and carried to his castle. I did all I could to defend myself, but they soon tied my legs and arms, and because I screamed they put a handkerchief over my mouth. Well, at first I was very well treated, though the Duke used to come every day to make love to me, and always went away in a passion because I would not listen to him. At last, one day he came in, and said that he was tired of wasting his time in that way, that Charles had been taken in the act of poaching, and that he would hang him, which he had a right to do, if I did not consent. At first I did not believe him, though I knew Charles was in the habit of shooting sometimes; but to convince me he was in earnest, he had him led, with a rope round his neck, before the windows of the room in which I was sitting. Ah! then I knew he spoke truth. I fell upon my knees—I implored him to have mercy on us both; but all he said was, that if I consented I should save Charles's life; if I did not, he would assuredly hang him, and obtain by force what he could not gain by fair means. What I ought to have done I cannot tell—but I did save the life of my lover, though I thought I should have died myself: and even then the Duke deceived me, for though he did not hang him, he

forced him to enlist in a regiment that was going out to India."

"Good God! are such things possible?" cried Arundel; "have private individuals the power of life and death?—you must be deceiving me."

"Ah! I wish I was—my Emma would have a father, and I should not be what I am. Many, many castles give the right of hanging and torturing the vassals, to their proprietors, though I think some one told me that the National Assembly has abolished it now. The National Assembly has done many good things, but it came too late for poor Charles and me."

"What an execrable monster!—but go on, and tell me what happened to you. I cannot tell you how much I am interested, how deeply I feel for you."

"Why, after a little time, when the Duke saw I continued melancholy, and was always crying, he grew tired of seeing it, and let me go. I went to my uncle's, but he turned me from the door, and said I was the cause of his son's destruction. What could I do? I came to Paris, where I fell in with an old acquaintance, who was engaged as a dancer at the opera, and she introduced me to different people, and I at last became

acquainted with my banker, as you call him; but I did not live with him till after my little Emma was born. He is very good, and lets me do what I like: but I have never seen any one I could love like poor Charles, except, perhaps—" and she half blushed, as she looked at Arundel, who, however, took no notice of the observation: he appeared buried in thought. At length he broke silence—

"But, my dear Coralie, with your good feelings, and particularly from the affection you seem to feel for your child, how can you remain in the degraded state of life in which you now are, and which, sooner or later, must be reflected upon you daughter? There are a thousand ways in which you could support yourself with credit, and without being exposed to the annoyances and insults which must be heaped upon you daily. Why not set up a shop, for instance?—if you will, and you want a little money to begin with, look upon me as your friend, and let me lend it to you—you would not find me a very rigorous creditor."

"Oh! that is so like you, to be so kind to one like me; but I cannot accept it, for many reasons. What you mention I have already determined to do, but not just yet. I have signed

an agreement, a sort of lease, with my banker, for three years, and there are more than two years to come ; when that is over, he is to give me one hundred thousand francs : and now I save all the money I can—so you see I shall be quite rich—and then I mean to leave Paris, and go with my Emma somewhere where I am not known. She will never know anything about my history, and will have no reason to blush for her mother. I look forward with so much pleasure to that time, that I almost count the days as they pass away ; for, as you see, my life is not a happy one ; but it will not last much longer, and I must bear it for her sake ; and then, you know, she will be quite an heiress, and perhaps I shall be able to marry her to some country gentleman, and I shall be amongst all my grandchildren. Do you know, I am afraid I sometimes am almost glad that she will never know her father, for then she will have nobody to love but me.”

“ Well, certainly, your imagination does travel at a most extraordinary rate,” said Arundel ; “ a girl of nineteen to be talking of her grandchildren ! Unluckily, the carriage is going almost as fast, for we are near the gates of Paris,

and I must leave you, and say adieu for many months, for I am going to leave Paris for some time in a few days."

"To leave Paris!—and for so long? But why should I regret it, for you would never come near me if you passed your life here."

"That is unkind, Coralie, though I deserve it; but I tell you what I will do—as soon as you leave Paris to settle yourself in the country, I will come and pay you a visit; that is to say, if you will receive me."

"Oh! yes, that will be delightful," exclaimed she: "I shall have a room always ready for you; recollect, I have your promise, and I shall insist upon its fulfilment."

The carriage now stopped, and Arundel proceeded on foot to his lodgings; but not, I am afraid, without a kiss having been given and received, so totally free, however, from any feeling stronger than that of friendship—on his part, at least—that Gertrude herself could have found no cause for jealousy in it. The story he had heard had powerfully excited his interest for the unhappy girl who had been the victim of feudal despotism, and he could not help comparing the terrible reality of her sufferings with those which, as yet, he felt only in imagination. What

a vast difference between the fatality which had robbed her of her lover, and consigned herself to a life of infamy, and that which seemed to oppose itself to his wishes. True, she appeared to enjoy a happy gaiety of disposition, which might prevent her being sensible of all the horrors of her situation; but at times there were touches of deep feeling in her voice and manner, which proved, that though she might habitually succeed in banishing the painful recollection from her thoughts, yet at times it would return with redoubled force to embitter her existence. He acknowledged the folly, the ingratitude of his repinings, when he reflected on the vast abyss of actual misery and guilt, into which so many fellow-creatures, as deserving of happiness as himself, were irresistibly plunged. Above all, his blood boiled, when thinking of the atrocious crime of the titled miscreant, who had not only outraged humanity with impunity, but continued to hold his high station in society, unchecked by the disapprobation of his associates: he no longer wondered at the dreadful retaliation, which, in many parts of France, the peasantry were inflicting on their feudal oppressors, under whose tyranny they had been languishing for centuries; nor could he blame the public

indignation against those who were supposed to be the friends of the system which permitted and encouraged that tyranny.

The following day brought him letters from England; almost all his friends sent him a line to congratulate him on the gallantry he had displayed at Versailles, and its successful issue. Sir John Hammond, in particular, seemed delighted at it, saying that he considered it as a pledge that he had abandoned his revolutionary creed, to become the staunch defender of monarchy, in its most unlimited sense. Ellen's letter was much longer; she was particularly inquisitive as far as regarded the young lady he had saved, and who, she said, was represented to be of great fortune and of surpassing loveliness. "Indeed," she continued, "everybody tells me that you are to be married to her, as soon as you are of age, and that you will take up your residence in France, where you will be appointed to a high office at court. I do not know what to believe—it would make me so unhappy to think you had any thoughts of abandoning your own country. Do write and tell me about it; and if it is really true, tell your intended bride that I love her already for your sake." She then went on to say how happy she

was with the Hammonds, and how kind they all were to her, adding that the last letter from Charles was from Berlin, where he intended passing some weeks. She might, however, have spared herself the trouble of giving her brother that piece of information, for, by a curious coincidence, he received, on the same day, a letter from Charles himself, dated from that place; and he lost no time in writing to tell him of his own journey to St. Petersburg, and as he must necessarily pass through Berlin, he begged him not to leave it previously to his arrival. The short interval that remained, he employed in taking leave of his different acquaintance. De Beauvoisin received him with characteristic gaiety, though he really felt what he expressed, when he assured him of his regret at losing him.

“By-the-bye,” said he, “I suppose it is despair that drives you away; for I hear your love is going to marry the Duc de la Rochelle,—is that so?”

“I am told her father has so decided,” said Arundel, quietly, though he could not help wincing a little at the mere idea.

“What!—and you take it so coolly? It is lucky, however, you are in Paris, and not in London, for, of course, you would have thought

yourself in duty bound to follow your national *penchant* for suicide."

"It is not quite come to that yet," said Arundel, endeavouring, with all his might, to look amused at his friend's badinage.

"I begin to think you a gay deceiver, after all; for you certainly made desperate love to the poor little girl, and I am much deceived if she did not think so too."

"I am sure, from what I have seen of Mademoiselle de Romainville, she has too much good sense to mistake my intentions," said Arundel, rather jesuitically, and delighted at having given his friend the change; "but you—have you heard nothing of your flown bird?"

"Oh! yes: my father got a letter from hers, from Coblenz, the other day, stating his constant desire for the match, but making it a preliminary condition that I should emigrate, in order, as he coolly observed, to give an incontestible proof of my loyalty, my character for which had suffered much from my connection with Lafayette. Of course, I refused at once; and this time my father approved of my conduct; and though he is royalist to the back-bone, he considers the emigration as a desertion of the throne: and in that he shows his sense. Well,

many notes, as you diplomatists say, were exchanged between the high contracting powers ; and to make a long story short, my father-in-law-expectant declared the projected marriage quite broken off. So I am once more a free man, and I will take exceedingly good care not to get into such a scrape again."

" Well, if you are the happier for it, I suppose I must offer you my congratulations, instead of my condolence, as is usual in such cases ; but I shall not be surprised to find you married at my return."

" God forbid ! " said the Count, with such earnestness, that Arundel could not help laughing at the apprehension with which the mere idea of matrimony seemed to inspire him.

From de Beauvoisin's he went to Mirabeau's, and met with a very cold reception, which, considering the manner in which he had endeavoured to further the Count's views, piqued Arundel, who could not conceive the reason of it, not a little. The conversation languished, and Arundel was preparing to take his leave, when Mirabeau said,

" At all events, I am glad to see that our alliance has been of service to one of the parties. If I am treated by the court with insolent suspicion and distrust, you at all

events enjoy the unlimited confidence of the Queen, and are admitted to her private apartment at all hours; and if I am put off with the meagre promise of a future embassy, you have taken care to secure for yourself the immediate possession of the best secretaryship they have to give."

"Sir," said Arundel, "I beg you to understand in the first place, as I have often said before, that there never was, and never can be, what you are pleased to call an alliance between us; and in the next place, although I do not consider myself in the slightest degree bound to account to you for my actions, I will inform you that some months ago, just after the insurrection at Versailles, I was offered employment, which I then declined, and which, at the present moment, circumstances of a personal nature induce me to accept. If, therefore, you meant to insinuate that I have bargained for my own personal interest, in this matter, you can now judge how far your suspicions are correct; and more than this I shall not condescend to say."

Mirabeau, who, in reality, had not any suspicion of the sort, but had hoped to pique Arundel by this reproach into a full communication of all that passed between him and the Queen,

saw that he had missed his aim. His great object was to get into immediate communication with the Court, and he was not sorry, therefore, that the person who had hitherto been employed as intermediary was about to be removed, hoping that it would open the doors of the Tuilleries to himself; and he was consequently anxious to find out, as well as he could, the footing on which he stood there. Perceiving, however, that a cold haughty manner had no effect, he determined to change it, and said, in a conciliating tone of voice, "Well, but granting all that, and I do not for a moment doubt the truth of what you assert, you have not said a word about your private interviews with the Queen."

"If I have not, it was because there is nothing to say about them. Your negotiations were the cause of them, and I think the last interview I had with her Majesty was the only one in which you were not mentioned. I was sent for; and the Queen, knowing that circumstances of a personal nature rendered it desirable, told me she would obtain for me some employment: the next day I learnt I was to go to St. Petersburg."

"And in your conversations with her," said Mirabeau, "did you contrive to insinuate how

desirable it was that I should confer with her personally?"

"I insinuated nothing. I told her plainly that such was your wish; and she said it was out of the question till the Châtelet had completed their investigation."

"The devil!—that is a little too bad," cried the Count; "why she knows, as well as I do, that I had nothing to do with the attack on the palace, and this investigation, as it is called, was got up for the purpose of holding me up to public odium, and if possible, convicting me, by dint of hard swearing. But they had better take care: there is an old proverb that 'those who live in glass-houses should not begin throwing stones;' and these investigations into disturbances, inseparable, perhaps, from a revolution, but which no man can deplore more sincerely than myself, may be made a precedent for inquiring into the plots of the royalists, and I think I could name some very near the throne itself who would not feel particularly comfortable were all their proceedings to be laid open." For a few minutes he remained apparently buried in thought; at length he resumed, "You think, then, that they really do distrust me?"

“ I think that, considering all that has past, to obtain their full and entire confidence will be a work of time.”

“ A work of time!—and do they not see that every day the monarchy is nearer its fall; there is time to save it yet, but not too much. The democracy is fast gaining the upper hand, and I can plainly see that without vigorous measures, and, above all, a sincere union between all parties wishing for a constitutional monarchy, the National Assembly itself will succumb, to make way for the rule of the municipality of Paris and the clubs. I repeat again, I wish sincerely to serve them, and I believe myself to be the only man in France who can do it effectually; but I will not attach myself to a party who do all they can to destroy themselves. I will not build my house on the sand, when I see the torrent rushing down to sweep it away. If you see the Queen again, you will serve her more than you will me by representing this to her forcibly.”

There was something in Mirabeau's manner that seemed to attest his sincerity, and Arundel was much struck by what he had urged; he promised, therefore, to bring the subject once

more before the Queen ; and they parted, if not good friends, at least upon much better terms than the early part of their interview seemed to promise.

CHAPTER V.

ON his return home, Arundel found the despatches he was expecting, ready for him, with instructions to set out without delay for the place of his destination ; at the same time he received a summons from the palace for that evening. Hitherto he had thought of his departure only as a distant calamity ; but now that the hour of it was fixed, he felt as if death itself would be less painful, and he cursed the fatal moment in which he had consented to a step which separated him so effectually from Mademoiselle de Romainville. And this feeling, so natural to one in this situation, was painfully increased by the conversation he had just had with Mirabeau. Many circumstances concurred in convincing him that that great statesman judged correctly when he asserted that the influence of the National Assembly was gradually yielding to that of the Commune,

which was imperceptibly, but surely assuming all the authority of the executive power; the people were daily excited to the most sanguinary acts of vengeance by the writings of the ferocious Marat and others, and they had already shown what they were capable of. Arundel could not but acknowledge to himself that his presence was not likely to be of much avail in case of any fresh riot, nor could he again hope for such a fortunate combination of fortuitous circumstances as had befriended him at Versailles—but yet he might be of some use; Gertrude would not be completely without a protector, without one who would shed, with joy, his last drop of blood in her defence. It seemed to him almost like an act of cowardice to leave her at a moment when he foresaw that she might be exposed to much danger; but there was no help for it—he had promised to depart, the hour was arrived, and he must keep his word.

With a heavy heart, but determined to represent in as strong a manner as possible to the Queen the precariousness of her present situation, he took his way to the palace. Again he found himself in the apartments which had become almost endeared to him from the recollections with which they were connected, and which, perhaps, he was

seeing for the last time. There was no one in the room which had hitherto been the scene of his interviews with the Queen ; and, having desired the page who introduced him to announce his arrival, he soon became so totally absorbed in his reflections as almost to forget where he was, and for what purpose he was there. From this reverie he was aroused by the soft voice of her he loved, pronouncing his name. She had entered the room without his noticing it, and was almost at his elbow before he was aware of her presence.

“ The Queen has sent me to conduct you to her,” said she.

“ I hardly dared hope for this alleviation of my wretchedness,” cried he, starting up ; “ I was afraid I should not again see you for one moment alone, to repeat to you those words which have bound our destinies together. Do you not remember them, my Gertrude ?” continued he, as he passed his arm round her waist, and bent his head so low that their cheeks almost touched.

“ Do you remember them ?—and do you remember that which seemed almost like a soft echo, but which first gave me the hope that I was not indifferent to you ?—tell me, dearest, do you repent having listened to them and repeated them ?”

“ Ah, no ! you know that too well.”

“Well then, my own Gertrude, hear me repeat them once more. I am yours, and yours only, for ever, in life and in death. Ah! if your father did but know how entirely yours, he would not refuse to let me endeavour to make the happiness of his child, instead of condemning us both to misery.”

“You do make my happiness, Henry; your love is my happiness. As long as I possess that I can never be completely unhappy. You see now that my fate entirely depends upon yourself.”

“And I accept the trust,” cried he; “if ever I betray it, may Heaven——”

“Oh, Henry! make no vows—I do not require them to believe you. My own feelings are a sufficient guarantee for yours; you say you love me, and I know you could not deceive me any more than I could deceive you. But I have one request to make of you—will you grant it me? I know,” continued she, blushing deeply, “what has passed between Monsieur Tournon and yourself. I need not tell you what my feelings were when I heard it; but for my sake, Henry, forgive my father—will you not?”

“That is already done, if, by forgiving, you mean abstaining from seeking any reparation for the insult he offered me; you may be sure that

under no circumstances whatever could my Gertrude's father have to fear any act of violence from me ; but if you mean by forgiving, forgetting, that will not, I am afraid, be so easy."

"I am afraid so, too," said she, with a sigh ; "but we must not stay here any longer ; thank you for the assurance you have given me : the thought that perhaps you might make my father fight you has made me very wretched since I heard it."

"But just tell me how you heard it, for the Duc de la Rochelle, who was the only person present, begged me to say nothing about it to you, a precaution which was quite needless."

"He mentioned it to the Queen, and she was so indignant about it that she could not help telling it me, and then I could not rest till you had promised me to take no further notice of it ; but now we must really go, for the Queen has been waiting for you some time.

"Well then, let us go : I am ready to complete the sacrifice, for such it is ; but it is now too late to retract."

When he found himself in the presence of the Queen, he laid before her, word for word, what Mirabeau had said, and strengthened it by his own observations. "The throne," said he, "is

on the brink of a precipice; each succeeding day your enemies acquire strength and courage. Nothing but the sincere and cordial fulfilment of all the promises made by the King to the National Assembly can save you. Oh, madam," seeing signs of displeasure on the Queen's countenance, "if you are angry with my frankness and sincerity, let me find an excuse in my motives, in the certainty I feel that no other course is practicable. My zeal for your Majesty may have led me to use expressions, and offer advice, which you are little used to hear; but I entreat you to believe, that they arise solely from my sincere conviction that on the line of conduct the King now adopts, depends his own fate and that of every body connected with him; I will not presume to say more; I am aware my opinion cannot be entitled to much weight in your eyes; but I have better opportunities of seeing what is going on than many of those by whom you are surrounded, and I am too sincerely devoted to your Majesty not to risk even your displeasure, if by so doing, I can in any way conduce to your welfare."

"I believe you, sir," replied the Queen; "and though I by no means admit that the case is so urgent, or our situation so desperate, as you

seem to infer, I shall reflect upon what you have said."

"Then, madam, on that subject I will say no more. But before I take my leave, will you allow me to ask if I may be permitted to correspond with Mademoiselle de Romainville?"

"Indeed, I cannot allow that."

"I would only write what could be shown to your Majesty, or the whole world; but it is——"

"No, no, say no more about it; it is impossible," cried Marie Antoinette, rather impatiently.

"May I venture to make one more request? Your Majesty once deigned to give me a ring taken from Mademoiselle de Romainville's hand: will you allow me to replace it with another?"

"Really, Mr. Arundel, it is very extraordinary you should refer to me in this way; I cannot see what good it will do her—I think you had much better not."

"I ventured to refer to your Majesty, as I conceived it would be an infringement of my promise, if I offered it to her without your approbation; as you refuse it, I am glad I did so. You will not require it to think of me sometimes?" added he, turning to Gertrude, who made no answer; but probably none was neces-

sary, as Arundel appeared very well satisfied with the manner in which she looked at him.

"You do not seem to reflect at all, sir," said the Queen, angrily, "upon the very ridiculous and improper part you force me to play. I am heartily glad it is likely to be so soon over;" and then, as if suddenly repenting of the harshness of what she had said, she added immediately, "But where is this ring?" Arundel produced it. "Whose hair is this?"

"My father's and mother's, Madam."

"Well, but it is too large: come here, Gertrude; I am sure you have no finger it would fit—should you like very much to have it?"

"I think it a very pretty ring," said Gertrude, timidly.

"Nay, there I cannot admire your taste," replied the Queen; "but however, if you wish for it, keep it. I think you a couple of silly spoiled children." Gertrude made no reply but by kissing her royal mistress's hand.

"It was my mother's ring," said Arundel, "and I would only have entrusted it to one who is still dearer to me than she was."

"Come, Mr. Arundel, it is time for me to dismiss you," said the Queen; "or you will be making me do something else I ought not."

This command he was forced to obey. He took his leave of the Queen ; but when he approached Gertrude for that purpose, the fortitude they both struggled to maintain could hardly support them, as with broken voices they bade each other adieu. Gertrude, however, seemed the most successful in the attempt, and it was not till after the door was closed upon him for the last time, that her hysterical sobbing bore witness to the anguish of her soul. Arundel hurried home, and, in half an hour afterwards, stepped into the carriage that was to convey him to St. Petersburg, with a French servant he had hired the day before, and soon left behind him the city he had entered, a few months before, under such different auspices, and with such different views and expectations. His own situation was changed, but were his opinions ? Most assuredly not. He had arrived the ardent admirer of the revolution, and prepared to take an active part in it ; he was now secretary of a French embassy, and the servant of a court notoriously hostile to its principles ; yet was he still a sincere friend to the cause he had from the first embraced, and its principles as at first laid down, and what he had seen of the party opposed to it had still more increased his dislike to those of whom it

was composed. He was more than ever convinced of the justice and necessity of a complete regeneration, social and political, throughout the whole system of the monarchy ; but the excesses of which he had been a witness, the dishonesty and selfishness, which, he had been compelled to admit, existed among the leaders of the National Assembly, had completely extinguished all desire on his part to be identified with them. At all times, to a man of honour, entering upon a public career, there must be much to shock his feelings. So much low, dirty intrigue, so much selfishness, so much barefaced profligacy, is to be met with, even amongst those who stand highest in the opinion of the public, who are not admitted behind the scenes : but when to all this are added the vindictive and sanguinary passions, engendered by centuries of oppression, and suddenly let loose upon society by the relaxation of authority, which inevitably occurs during a fierce political struggle, many an honest and sincere patriot would turn away with horror and disgust from such a picture, and think that even liberty itself may be too dearly purchased. It is a trite but true observation, that revolutions cannot be made with rose water. When whole classes are thus arrayed against each other, blood will ne-

cessarily flow. The triumph of liberty, as of tyranny, unfortunately cannot be cemented without it. How awful is the responsibility of those who are the leaders in the struggle. Woe to those who shall unnecessarily excite a nation against its rulers, and doubly woe to those rulers whose oppression shall make such a contest inevitable!

The journey to Berlin was performed without any remarkable occurrence; and when Arundel arrived, he found that he had fortunately stopped at the same hotel in which Hammond was residing. He was out at the time, but shortly after returned. The meeting between the two friends was as affectionate and cordial as their old friendship and approaching connection could make it, and proved a most seasonable relief to the gloomy images which had been engendered in Arundel's mind during the ten days his journey had lasted. Hammond, too, seemed greatly improved, and to have acquired a steadiness, for which Arundel would never have given him credit.

"Well, who would have thought, six months ago," cried the former, "that we should have met at Berlin, you a French diplomatist, and I turned into a steady man—for I assure you I am quite become so. I am only afraid Ellen will not like me as well in my new character

as she did in the old." And then followed an interminable string of questions as to all that had happened since they parted ; and Arundel had to give a regular history of all his adventures, and fight all his battles over again, which he did with tolerable accuracy, taking care, however, to suppress all he could with regard to Mademoiselle de Romainville.

"By Jove, though, you had a narrow escape ; and was she worth dying for, this young lady ? is she handsome ? said Charles.

"Yes, indeed ; she is generally thought so."

"Well, that would have been some comfort at all events. You ought, though, to have fallen in love with her, and then, with a cruel father and jealous admirer, the thing would have been perfect. But I forget you are not one of the falling-in-love sort ; you would die an old bachelor, if it were not that, some day or other, you will probably reflect that the name of Arundel must be kept up, and then you will choose your wife as you would a horse—for her good points, that the breed may not degenerate ; but as for love, you will never have an idea of what that is, unless you come and take your lessons from Ellen and me."

All this, and much more of the same nature,

did Arundel bear with the greatest composure, as he had foreseen he should have to go through it, and was therefore prepared for it. He was exactly in that frame of mind, in which nothing would have given him so much relief as to have told all the story of his love, his hopes and fears, to some friend who would have understood his feelings, and entered into them. Hammond would have done all this ;—who so proper to be entrusted with a tale of love as a lover ? His affectionate heart would have sympathized with all his friend's unhappiness, and suggested every topic from which he could derive hope and consolation ; but Arundel had always maintained a sort of superiority over Hammond, and he could not bring himself to make a confession, the effect of which would be to bring him at once to a level with his friend. He therefore maintained a guarded silence upon every subject that might have led to a suspicion of his real feelings ; and this was no difficult matter, for Hammond continued to rattle away, quite satisfied with an occasional interjection on the part of his hearer, to show that he had not fallen asleep ; at last he stopped to gather breath, and collect his ideas for a fresh start.

“ And now,” said Arundel, “ confess what scrapes you have got into.”

“ Oh, none, I assure you—positively none, except one little wound I got in a duel.”

“ A wound !—why, I never heard a word of this before.”

“ Oh no, it was not worth mentioning ; it was only about the colour of a lady’s hair, which I happened to say was red, and her lover, who was standing near me, and whom I did not know, contradicted me rather too sharply, and so we fought, and I had the satisfaction of getting a scratch in the neck ; but it was nothing at all.”

“ Yes, but it might have been something.”

“ Ah ! well, it is all over now, so don’t scold ; but tell me how long you stay here.”

“ To-morrow night I must start again. I have despatches, and cannot delay my journey.”

“ That is indeed unlucky. I have written to my father, to ask leave to go to St. Petersburg, and I was in hopes we could have gone together ; but I shall not get an answer before the end of the week—however, he is sure to say yes, and therefore I think I may as well pack up and start to-morrow.”

“ Not with me, Charles. Your father desired you not to leave Germany, and you had much better wait for his answer here. I have no doubt it will be a favourable one ; but till it arrives I

will have nothing to say to you—and now, good night; for, as you may imagine, I am rather tired with my journey from Paris.”

The next day they passed together, and, after dinner, Arundel again proceeded on his journey—alone, notwithstanding many admirable arguments offered by Hammond, to prove the propriety, either of his taking him with him, or waiting till the answer from Sir John Hammond arrived. But Arundel was inexorable, although he looked forward with anything but satisfaction to so long a journey, in the depth of winter, over a country which in many parts was almost uninhabited, and was every where destitute of accommodation for the traveller.

He arrived, however, at St. Petersburg, with astonishing rapidity. The snow was well frozen, and the journey, which was, a great part of it, performed in sledges, amused him by its novelty. The day after his arrival, he presented himself to the ambassador, who received him with the greater cordiality, that he had been only waiting for the arrival of a secretary, to avail himself of a leave of absence he had obtained to return to France, during which period Arundel would have to take his place, with the title of minister. The ambassador gave him every necessary in-

struction, and recommended him, if he ever found himself in any difficulty, to apply to a certain Monsieur Mallet, who, under the humble title of second secretary, had in reality done all the business of the embassy for the last five-and-twenty years, and was supposed to be better informed on all matters connected with the Russian policy, than the whole corps of diplomatists put together. His want of interest at the court of Versailles—for it was said he hardly knew his own origin—effectually prevented all hope of promotion; but to this he easily reconciled himself, as his talents and utility were frequently acknowledged by solid pecuniary gratifications, which were much more agreeable to a married man with a large family, than an empty title of honour could have been. It was therefore to him a matter of perfect indifference, who was appointed first secretary, it being a post he neither expected nor desired; and when he was presented to Arundel, the well-bred manners of the latter soon won for him Monsieur Mallet's heart, who had but too often experienced the supercilious insolence of those who had filled a similar station, and who looked down upon him for the lowness of his birth, at the same time that they were profiting by his experience. The

ambassador further desired Arundel to take up his quarters at the hotel of the embassy, which he begged him to make use of as his own, as well as the servants and equipages which he left behind. The same evening, he was presented to the Empress, as being about to replace the ambassador for some months,—and this ceremony being over, the latter took his leave, and next day set off on his return to Paris.

Arundel now found himself the representative of the French nation, at the court of one of the most powerful sovereigns of Europe ; and if, for the first few days, his head was a little turned by the elevated situation he occupied, let it be remembered, that he was barely one and twenty, and, a few months before, had been nothing more than an undergraduate at Cambridge, reading hard for a degree. But Arundel was not a man to content himself with the external splendour of his charge ; he was determined to make himself thoroughly acquainted, with his duties, and with the information necessary to enable him to discharge them with zeal and fidelity. He therefore one morning summoned Monsieur Mallet to attend him, and explained his wishes to him. At first Mallet seemed by no means enamoured of a plan which threatened to reduce his own impor-

tance, and which, perhaps, might end by seriously affecting his interests, by rendering him less necessary to his superiors ; but it soon occurred to him, that he might contrive to let Arundel just so much into the secret, as to shift some of the heavy work from his own shoulders, while he would always be able to remain master of the secret springs, by which the more important, though less ostensible, parts of the machinery were worked. This went on very well for a day or two ; but Arundel began to find out that all the knowledge he had acquired, as yet, consisted only of the most trivial subjects ; sometimes dry commercial regulations, at other times merely the minutiae of etiquette formed the topics of conversation between him and his secretary.

“It is very strange,” thought he to himself, “that between two such important empires, the labours of an ambassador should be confined to giving dinners, making presentations at court, and discussing port charges ;” and then he consulted the archives of the embassy, and found ample ground for suspecting that his diplomatic duties extended to something more important. Very much dissatisfied with Mallet, he determined to come to an explanation with him, and for this purpose called upon him at his own house. He was out ;

but Arundel, hearing that Madame was at home, thought it would be but civil if he was to pay her a visit, and was accordingly ushered up stairs.

The good lady, who would not have been more surprised if the Empress herself had paid her a visit, so little was she accustomed to such an attention from her husband's superiors, who probably did not even know that such a person was in existence, seemed quite confounded by the unexpected honour; but her visitor's affability soon put her quite at her ease, particularly when she discovered that he was her countryman. She had been an English governess in a Russian nobleman's family, when Monsieur Mallet found time to fall in love with her and marry her, although she had no fortune except her pretty face, and the small savings she had been able to make out of her salary. Although he was considerably older than she was, she had willingly embraced an offer which released her from a situation which, disguise it as you will, is but slavery in one of its worst shapes; and having no other means of proving her gratitude, she availed herself of those which nature had afforded her, and in the course of three years presented him with as many girls, in whose behalf she was exercising her former occupation of governess, when the servant announced the French minister.

"I have taken the liberty, Madam, of paying you a visit," said he, in French, "although I have not the honour of knowing you, being anxious to make the acquaintance of a lady for whose husband I feel so much respect."

"I am sure your Excellency does us too much honour," replied she: "how unlucky that Monsieur Mallet should be out;"—and they both looked at each other for a moment.

"Will you allow me to ask if you are a Frenchwoman?" said Arundel, who thought, that though her accent was very good, it was not quite Parisian.

"No, sir—your Excellency, I mean—I am an Englishwoman."

"Ah! well," said Arundel, in his own language, "then as I am an Englishman, let us talk English."

"Well, I declare, I thought your Excellency's name was not French—and Monsieur Mallet never to tell me so; it was too bad of him."

"You must forgive him for it," replied his Excellency, "for you know how much he has to think of. I do not know how I should get on without him. He does all the work, I believe; and then, no wonder when he comes back to you and his children, that he should forget everything else."

This went straight to Mrs. Mallet's heart. She was proud of her husband's consequence, and she was proud of her children—and well she might be, as they stood the picture of health and childish beauty, staring with all their might at an Excellency—a sort of animal they had never approached so near before. “O yes,” said she, “he comes home tired enough sometimes, poor fellow, for he has all the work of importance to do.”

“I wonder he does not try to get promotion; he has been a long time a subaltern,” observed Arundel.

“So I tell him very often, your Excellency; but he has no interest—and then he says, what is very true, that if he has hard work to do, he is well paid for it, and no extra expenses, which would not be the case if he was first secretary. And he must think of his children;—As long as he remains what he is, they cannot do without him, for he knows all the secrets here; but if he was promoted, he might be sent to some other place, where he could not make himself so useful.”

“But, at all events, I think it is very hard on him to have all the work to do, when others are paid for doing almost nothing,” said our hero.

“ Yes ; but then, perhaps, it would be bad for us in another way. If others worked hard, and became acquainted with business, he would no longer be so necessary, and perhaps might be laid on the shelf altogether.—Oh, no !” continued she, quite forgetting to whom she was speaking, “ Mallet often says it would be quite a misfortune for him to have a clever active ambassador here, who would do the business himself.”

Arundel made no immediate reply, but having learnt so much more of the secretary’s tactics than he could have hoped for, he was anxious to turn the conversation, and take his leave before Madame had time to recollect herself.

“ Well,” said he, “ now that I have broken the ice, I hope you will allow me to have the pleasure of seeing you to dinner at the embassy some day. I will speak to Mallet about it, and fix a day.”

Madame Mallet thought that Paradise was opening to her at the mere idea of such an honour, and had some difficulty in finding words sufficiently expressive of her gratitude to his Excellency, who soon after brought his visit to a close. The next day, when Monsieur Mallet waited upon him at the usual hour, that gentleman opened the conversation by thanking Arundel for the honour he had done him, in paying his

wife a visit the day before, and for the invitation he had given—"upon which, however," added he, "I have thought it my duty to put a positive negative, and for which, I trust, your Excellency will pardon me. It would be contrary to all etiquette, and would draw down, upon all parties, comments, which could not fail to be mischievous in the extreme—in addition to which, it would force me to depart from that line of strict economy, which prudence has compelled me to lay down."

"Well," said Arundel, "if you wish it, of course I can have no objection to receive your excuses;—and perhaps, after all, you are right, though I think it rather hard I cannot receive at my own house whom I like.—But now to business; and, as I presume what we have hitherto been going through is only the preliminary step to the more important details of my office, we will, if you please, pass to them at once."

"Really, sir, there is very little more to learn—you already know as much, if not more, than your predecessors," replied the secretary.

"Very likely; but that will not satisfy me. Let us understand each other: I have yesterday looked through the archives of the embassy, and I find that, hitherto, although every thing has

been done in the name of the ambassador, it has been worked out by you. This may have suited those who went before me; but it will not suit me. My duty, as well as my inclination, determines me to transact all matters of business myself. The details, of course, will be entrusted to you, and the other persons attached to the embassy. I am aware of your talents, and the power you have of obtaining information, which, probably, I could never obtain, even were I disposed to attempt it, which I am not. As long, therefore, as you will work for me as zealously as you have hitherto worked for yourself, I shall consider you deserving, not only of your salary, but of that extra remuneration which you have been in the habit of receiving from time to time. At the same time, let me observe, as I do not wish again to revert to this subject, that, should you withhold your assistance, or attempt to thwart me in my endeavours to serve the King and the French nation, I shall feel it my duty to make a representation on the subject, to the proper quarter—and the interest which procured me the place I have the honour of filling, will be employed to effectuate your removal. I have thought it right to mention this, although I am quite certain it will never be necessary for me to

have recourse to a measure which would be so painful to me, and so injurious to you. I am sure, on the contrary, we shall be very good friends."

Monsieur Mallet had, by this time, recovered from the astonishment into which he had been thrown, as Arundel's intentions opened upon him. He had quite sagacity enough to perceive that he had a very different sort of man to deal with, from those who had hitherto occupied the same station. He therefore answered, "What I have hitherto done, has been, I may say, by the wish of those whose orders I was bound to obey: the same obligation will, of course, induce me to obey you; and, as far as my humble abilities can be of service to you, you may freely command them—but I fear you are not acquainted with the difficulties of the troublesome task you are about to enter upon."

"Troubles and difficulties will not frighten me from the performance of what I consider my duty," said Arundel, smiling—and the perseverance he shewed, in making himself master of all the subjects connected with his high office, proved that he was not easily daunted; while his unwearied attention to business won for him the admiration of Mallet, who began to feel a

sincere regard and attachment for him, which was not a little increased by the unlimited confidence reposed in him by Arundel, as soon as he had assured himself of his fidelity. The Russian Cabinet was astonished at finding so young a man so thoroughly acquainted with business, and so well versed in all the details of their policy. At first they imagined, that what they considered only as a sudden caprice, would wear off, and that pleasure would soon usurp the hours now devoted to more important pursuits; but they became at length convinced that he could resist all the seductions of pleasure, and was armed in proof against the blandishments of the various female intriguers who had been, from time to time, detached against him, with the hope of making themselves mistresses of his official secrets. The firmness he showed in repelling every attempt at official chicanery, and the dignity with which he, on all occasions, asserted the honour of the great nation he had the honour of representing, gained him the respect and esteem of all those with whom he came in contact; and it was universally allowed, that the youthful diplomatist bid fair to become one of the greatest statesmen of the age.

Hammond had arrived at St. Petersburg, and

was furnished with an apartment at the embassy ; so that, could Arundel have forgotten the cause of his removal from Paris, *fêté* as he was by every body, esteemed by those whose esteem was praise, and enjoying the society of his friend, nothing would have been wanting to make his situation as agreeable in every respect as it was possible to be—but the worm was perpetually gnawing at his heart—the fire that nothing could quench, raging in his breast ; and he, who was the universal object of admiration and envy, was perhaps the most miserable, the most to be pitied, of all the multitudes who thronged that vast metropolis. Still he struggled, and that successfully, to conceal his feelings ; and if, at times, Hammond did remark an appearance of anxiety and dejection about him, it was easily accounted for by the multiplicity of business with which he was continually overwhelmed. His only moments of anything like happiness, were those in which he received the letters of the Duc de la Rochelle, who, with the most considerate kindness, kept him, as well as he could, *au courant* of all that could interest him. Gertrude he represented to be in a delicate, but by no means dangerous, state of health ; but it was a sufficient pretext to prevent her appearing much in public. She

seemed generally cheerful, and had even spoken to the Duke with something like hope of their future prospects; but the greatest gratification she appeared to feel, was when her lover's conduct was mentioned with the approbation it deserved. These letters were the only consolation he received; but these letters were few and far between, and the momentary animation they excited, soon disappeared, and gave way to a sickening feeling of anxiety for the arrival of the next courier. Often had he to turn away his head, to conceal his disappointment; and with difficulty could he suppress a groan of anguish, when the letters were put into his hands, and the long wished-for one did not appear. And then he had to assume an appearance of cheerfulness, when Hammond poured forth his rhapsodies of joy and happiness, as each succeeding post brought him letters from Ellen, and the members of his own family.

The Indian, tied to the stake, bears with fortitude the tortures inflicted on his body, by a triumphant and merciless foe; but this fortitude is often his only virtue, to which he has been trained from his youth—for which his whole course of life prepares him; and when, at length, his exhausted strength sinks beneath innumerable wounds, amid the admira-

tion even of his enemies, he sees, in imagination, the hunting fields of the blest open to his eyes, and his departed comrades hail his arrival with outstretched arms. What are such tortures, compared to those of him, who, torn from the object of all his affections—of all his desires, loves on without hope, without one cheering ray to guide him on the path of life, which presents to his weary vision nothing but one vast and desolate waste? Better, far, for him to die one death, though in the most dreadful form, than to lie down, night after night, without repose, and to rise only to see his long agony renewed. And such was Arundel's condition. Slowly passed away the winter: and the reviving rays of spring brought no refreshing influence to him. In vain did he hope that the arrival of the ambassador would leave him at liberty to solicit leave of absence, in his turn. The Duke de B., whom he had succeeded, had been named to another situation, and the cabinet of the Tuilleries were too well satisfied with the manner in which Arundel had executed his trust, to be in any hurry to supersede him. To all his pressing requests on the subject, they had invariably returned evasive answers, though always in the highest degree complimentary to him.

He had also another motive for dissatisfaction, as he became more intimately acquainted with the designs of the court, and which were necessarily communicated to him, though not to their full extent. These all seemed to point out an intention, on the part of the King, to withdraw from Paris, to some strong place, and there to enter into negotiation with those whom, it was evident, he considered only as revolted subjects. Mirabeau appeared to have gained his object; and all accounts concurred in representing him as the head and soul of the royalist councils. This intelligence did not much surprise Arundel; but what did astonish him not a little, was, that the great leader of the revolution should so soon have abandoned its principles, and should be openly named as the author of a project which could only end in civil war. How often did he wish to resign his post, rather than run the risk of being compromised in so iniquitous a scheme; but he had accepted a place of great trust—there was no one present to whom he could transfer it, and he could not abandon it without a base dereliction of duty. He confined himself strictly to the performance of his diplomatic duties, and paid no attention to any suggestions, except those received through the

foreign minister ; and he was not without hopes, that this implied determination, on his part, to have nothing to do with the intrigues of the royalists, would shortly lead to his dismissal.

CHAPTER VI.

As the summer advanced, and the higher classes of society gradually left the capital, Arundel confined himself almost exclusively to the society of Hammond. The latter had long been teasing him to sit for his picture, which he wished to send Ellen, judging rightly that he could make no present half so acceptable. There was then an eminent painter at St. Petersburg, and Arundel had determined to take that opportunity of complying with his request. One evening, on his return to his hotel, after having given the last sitting, he found several letters, which had just arrived from Paris for him. He instantly saw that one was from the Duc de la Rochelle, and in another he recognized a handwriting, which, though seen but once before,

could never be effaced from his memory.—Yes, Gertrude had written to him. It was sealed with black wax. Could it be that the Marquis was dead, and that thus every obstacle was removed? The revulsion caused by this idea was almost too much for him. It was such a feeling as comes over the poor wretch upon the scaffold, when the cry of pardon sounds in his ear. He positively did not dare open the letter; but, putting it into his breast, hastily opened that written by the Duke, and read as follows:—

“If I do not give you the reproaches your folly—to use no stronger expression—deserves, it is because I know that anything I could say would be as nothing to what your own feelings will inflict upon you, on the receipt of this letter. The desolation in which you have plunged the young and beautiful being who was so entirely devoted to you—the utter wreck you have made of her happiness, would alone, to a man of common humanity, be punishment sufficient; but when I reflect upon the affection which, I am convinced, you feel for her, notwithstanding appearances, I do indeed feel as much sorrow and pity, as anger, for one who has thus wantonly cast from him all his dearest hopes. But I will

proceed to explain to you how the discovery took place. On Thursday last, the Marquis de Romainville came to the Tuilleries, and asked to see his daughter. He greeted her very affectionately, and, after a few words on indifferent subjects, he told her that he felt he had treated her too harshly, and hoped, for the future, that she would have no serious ground of complaint to make against him.

“ ‘ Our differences, my child,’ continued he, ‘ have principally been occasioned by your partiality for a young man, whose very name is hateful to me ; but if I prove to you that he is totally unworthy of your regard—that, at the very moment he was professing an ardent attachment to you, he was the lover of a worthless courtesan, and that, a day or two before his departure, he went with her to Montmorency, and only left her carriage at the gates of Paris,—if I can prove all this, then, I am sure, you will no longer hesitate to give him up for ever ; and I, on my part, will not propose any alliance to you, till you have had time to see a little more of the world.’ ”

“ Gertrude, during this speech of her father’s, remained dumb from astonishment ; but when he had ended, she cried out, ‘ Prove it—oh never !

it is impossible. I know him too well; I will not even dishonour him by listening to such a tale any longer.'

" 'I quite understand your feelings,' replied her father; 'but I forgive them; I advance nothing but what I can prove; and if after that, you choose to share the heart of a profligate with a common prostitute, I will say no more on the subject. I should hardly consider as a misfortune, the loss of a daughter, who should evince so complete a want of all delicacy and proper pride.'

"Gertrude could not but acknowledge the justice of her father's observation, but still refused to believe his assertions; and when at length her reason was forced to yield to the evidence he brought before her, she fell into a state of insensibility, which lasted till yesterday—that is to say, three days and nights. Happy, perhaps, for her if she had not recovered from it so soon; for as soon as she came to a full perception of her misery, she fell into a succession of fainting fits, which although not at this moment so long or so frequent as at first, place her in a most precarious state. It appears that you were seen, at the moment of your taking leave of Mademoiselle Coralie—for that I understand is the name of your

mistress—by a party of young men who knew you. So great an act of imprudence, as to drive about with such a woman, in a hired carriage, was naturally much talked of; it came, some how or other, to the Marquis's ears; he made enquiries; he found out that you had formed a connection with this woman very soon after your arrival at Paris; he ascertained that the carriage had been hired to go to Montmorency; he then called on the banker, by whom Coralie is kept, who appears to know all the circumstances, and to treat them with singular apathy; but he said he was delighted to hear that you had taken your departure, as perhaps Coralie would become more reasonable, and not be always talking and thinking about you. When the Marquis had collected all this evidence, he very naturally, and I think very properly, laid it before his daughter, and she has promised to give up all connection with one who had so grossly deceived her. She writes to you, to announce her determination herself, lest you should imagine that it was extorted from her; and her letter will go by the courier who takes this. I have just read over what I have written, but I will not conclude without telling you that, notwithstanding what you may deem the harshness of my language, my

heart bleeds for you both—for her, alas! I see no consolation; for you, if you know how to profit by it, the lesson, though severe, will be useful.

“ Yours, &c.

“ DE LA ROCHELLE.”

Arundel laid the letter down with calm despair, and tore open the one from Gertrude :—

“ ‘ The unspeakable misery you have caused me, I forgive. Whatever may be my fate hereafter, I consider myself as the only person whom I can justly reproach for it—for the fault was mine. I too easily believed those vows of fidelity and love, which found so ready an echo in my own bosom ; and now that we are parted for ever—that the veil is removed, I acknowledge that I have but too justly deserved the punishment that has been inflicted on me. How can a child, guilty of disobedience to a parent, hope to escape the wrath of Heaven?—but it was not at your hands that I deserved it—anything but that I could have borne ; but I will not repine—I will endeavour, by my submission, to merit forgiveness. Oh ! if you knew what I have suffered—what I still suffer. I have torn your

love from my heart, but my heart has broken in the effort. Yes, I love you no longer; alas! alas! I can no longer esteem you. I looked upon you as all that was perfect in man—I clung to you with a feeling that ought to belong to God alone; and now my idol is broken, the fragments scattered in the dust. But I do not accuse you; I cannot, I will not believe you wilfully deceived me; you mistook a feeling of pity, or a transient passion, for love. Ah! why did I not see as clearly then as I do now—but it is past. I have only one request to make; if you still feel any regard for me, do not attempt to write to me or see me; I will neither receive your letters nor your visits; nay, if necessary, I throw myself at your feet to implore you not to seek to shake a determination which is unalterable, but leave me to endeavour, if possible, to regain the tranquillity of mind I enjoyed before I knew you. Ah! how happy I was then. Forget me—forget that such a person ever existed; pursue the career you have so nobly begun; a brilliant path lies before you, of honour to yourself, and utility to the country you have adopted; and if my prayers can be of any avail, they will not be wanting for your success. If one so young as myself—one who has shown herself so incompe-

tent to guide herself, might presume to offer advice, do not continue that course of life you have been pursuing since you came to Paris; it may obtain for you the applause of the profligate, but you are made for better things; reflect before it is too late on the wretchedness you have already caused. I think I know you well enough to say that the fleeting triumphs of vanity will not overbalance in your mind the pangs of remorse. Adieu for ever; in this world we meet no more.

GERTRUDE."

Arundel sat upright in his chair, as if he had been turned to stone; his eyes stared—his senses seemed to have deserted him—he could not comprehend what had befallen him. In this situation Hammond found him. "Good God!" cried he, "what is the matter?" Arundel made no answer; he repeated his question, and shook him by the arm. Arundel started up as if he had not been aware till that moment of his presence.

"Matter?" cried he; "nothing is the matter. Oh yes!" as the recollection of his misfortune rushed upon him; "I remember, there is something—not much though; nothing of much consequence to any one now; I have received my death-blow."

“Your death-blow!” exclaimed his friend; “for Heaven’s sake explain yourself; your looks and manner alarm me; is it this letter?—may I see it?” and he attempted to take Gertrude’s letter out of his hand.

“Villain! would you rob me?” cried Arundel, starting up. Hammond stepped back, much frightened; and after a minute, during which Arundel passed his hand frequently across his forehead, as if endeavouring to recollect something, he said—“I beg your pardon, Charles; I am not very well, and something came across my mind;—but it is over; have the goodness to pull the bell. Tell Monsieur Mallet I wish to see him immediately,” said he to the servant who entered. Monsieur Mallet soon made his appearance, and Arundel desired him to have a courier in readiness to start for Paris that night, adding that he intended to go himself the next day. Mallet looked at him with astonishment. “It is impossible, sir: your excellency forgets that the last treaty is just ready for signature.”

“Monsieur Mallet, I sent for you to hear my orders, not to reason upon them. I shall present you to-night as my successor, and you are just as competent as I am to transact all the business of the Embassy.”

“But will your Excellency allow me to observe that, at all events, you must request an audience to present me, and that cannot be till to-morrow—it is already late.”

“True, I forgot; take care to do that to-morrow, and the day after I go.”

Mallet made his bow and retired, but could not suppress a shrug of the shoulders at what he considered a most unjustifiable caprice.

“And now, Charles, I wish you would leave me alone, as I have much business to transact, and letters to write.” But Charles was by this time really alarmed, and began to doubt whether his friend was in his senses, and in a fit state to be left alone.

“I wish,” said he, “as we are to part so soon, you would let me pass the evening with you—at least in the same room; I will promise to be very quiet.”

Arundel gave him a sharp penetrating look, and then answered, “Very well; on condition you ask no questions, and do not speak a word;” and then he sat down to write to the Duke. He gave him the whole history of his connection with Coralie, and explained the circumstances of his last meeting with her, with the utmost clearness and precision, pointing out the persons

whose testimony could bear out his assertions: he did not once allude to Mademoiselle de Romainville, or the resolution she had taken, and merely said that he had felt it a duty he owed to himself, to put one who had shown him so much interest, who had honoured him with his friendship, in possession of the real facts of the case, leaving it to him to make what use he pleased of it. It was late when he had finished, and Hammond, who had been watching him from time to time, became quite satisfied with the tranquillity of his looks, and laughed at himself for the fears he had entertained; and when Arundel said that he felt tired, and was going to bed, he merely wished him good night, and said he should follow him as soon as he had finished the chapter of the book he was then reading. As soon as he was gone, Mallet, who had apparently been watching for an opportunity of speaking to Hammond, entered the room, and urged him to turn Arundel from his resolution of leaving his post, by every means in his power. He pointed out how entirely such a step would ruin his prospects, and the confusion in which several affairs of great importance would be left. Hammond assured him he would do all in his power; though from his knowledge of Arundel's disposition, he

did not augur very favourably of his success. They were still occupied in discussing this matter, when the stillness of the night was disturbed by a dreadful shriek, followed by a loud and almost unearthly burst of laughter, which seemed to proceed from the room in which Arundel slept. In the greatest terror they rushed up stairs, followed by several of the servants, whom the noise had collected together. The door was locked inside, but Hammond broke it in with one kick, and they all entered the room together. What a sight presented itself to them ! Arundel was standing on the sill of the window, and appeared to be in the act of springing out into the street. In another second he would have been dashed to pieces ; but Hammond was at his side with the quickness of thought, and seizing him by the collar, dragged him back with such violence, that they both fell on the floor together ; and here Hammond would have paid dearly for his assistance, had not the others come to his help, and secured the madman—for such he was. As it was, he had contrived to grasp his friend's throat so tightly as nearly to choke him ; and when he was torn from his grasp, his struggles were so violent that it required the united strength of all present to master him. At last

they succeeded in laying him down on his bed, where they held him till the arrival of the surgeon of the establishment, who had been summoned in all haste. As soon as he had examined him, he pronounced him to be under the influence of a brain fever, produced either by over-exertion or some sudden and overwhelming affliction. He bled him as much as he thought he was capable of bearing; and having given the attendants the proper instructions, intimated that he could give no opinion on the case till the next day. With what anxiety did Hammond await the approach of morning, as he sat by the sick bed of his friend, whose moaning gave the only symptoms of life. The bleeding had so far weakened him that he did not attempt to move or speak; but it was evident, from the furious rolling of his eyes, and his not appearing to recognize Hammond, that he was still labouring under the effects of delirium. When the surgeon paid his next visit, he seemed by no means satisfied with the condition of his patient. He was in a most dangerous state, though he would not say that hope was gone. It appeared to him that this attack had been preparing for a long time, months, perhaps; and that some accident had brought it at once to a crisis; if he got over it, it

would not be for a long time, though probably he would recover his reason in a few days. At all events, it would be months before he could resume his official functions, and the possibility of his recovery depended entirely upon the care of his attendants, and the attention they paid to his instructions—such was the decision of the surgeon, who was a man of the very highest eminence. Hammond assured him that he might depend upon his orders being strictly obeyed, as he would superintend everything himself; but he had soon a most efficient assistant in Madame Mallet, who, with her husband's permission, installed herself in the sick room as head nurse, and watched over her patient with the assiduity and tenderness of a mother. Hammond wrote a full account of this distressing event to his father, begging him to break it to Ellen as carefully as he could. Mallet also wrote to announce it to his Court, requesting instructions; and the same courier who took Arundel's letter of explanation to the Duke, brought, at the same time, the news of his illness. The Duke, who knew nothing about it, hastened, with the letter in his hands, to the Queen, who admitted that it was a complete exculpation, "though," added she, "as far as he is concerned, I much fear it comes

too late; for we have despatches twenty-four hours later than the date of your letter, which state that he has been suddenly seized with a brain fever, and his life, though not absolutely despaired of, is in the greatest danger."

The Duke was very much shocked by this intelligence. "Poor fellow," cried he, "this is the effect of my letter and Gertrude's. Will your Majesty allow me to see her, to communicate Arundel's explanations to her?"

"She is no longer with me; her father has taken her, by the advice of his physician, to the country, to see what change of air will do for her; but I will tell you very fairly, that even were she here, it is much better things should remain as they are. It was a foolish business altogether, and I am not sorry it is at an end: it could never have ended well. I am sorry for both of them; but they will get over it, and probably live to wonder at their folly."

"But, madam," said the Duke, amazed at the Queen's answer; "in the meantime Arundel is lying under a calumnious imputation, which I can remove: he is, perhaps, on his death-bed, from which one word from Mademoiselle de Romainville would raise him. I say nothing about her, because your Majesty knows, better than I do,

the state to which she is reduced. • All this misery I have it in my power to remove. I cannot hesitate in the course I have to pursue.”

“ You will, of course, do as you please, sir. I will have nothing more to do with it. Recollect, however, that if you remove their present misery, it may be only to create a greater for them hereafter. Moreover, you observe, Mr. Arundel does not once mention Gertrude’s name.”

“ That I can easily understand, madam ; he thinks he has been lightly condemned, and is too proud to take the first steps towards a reconciliation ; but he begs me to act according to my own judgment, and his meaning is plain enough.”

“ Well, well, do as you please,” replied the Queen ; “ I wash my hands of it ; it has already cost me more trouble and vexation than I choose to be exposed to again.”

The fact is, that the interest which the Queen had taken in Arundel, had for some time past been gradually weakening, as it became more apparent that he would not lend himself to those intrigues in which the court were at that time involved ; and this coolness on her part was very much increased by the insinuations of Mirabeau, who was determined, now that he had attained the object of his ambition, to allow no interloper

to stand between him and the sun of royalty in which he was basking. He had also pointed out to the Queen, who had consulted him upon the subject, how essential it was not to indispose a nobleman of the wealth and influence of the Marquis de Romainville, at a moment when the King ought to rally all his friends around him, by further interference between him and his daughter. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Duc de la Rochelle completely failed in his benevolent mission; nor were his attempts to communicate with Gertrude more successful. Her father, probably fearing some attempt on the part of Arundel to write to, or to see her, had entrusted no one with the secret of his present residence except his agent. To him the Duke applied, but he was impenetrable. He consented, however, to forward a letter to the Marquis, and in about a week returned an answer. It stated that the Marquis was glad that Mr. Arundel had succeeded in exculpating himself in the eyes of his friends, although he rested his defence solely upon his own assertions; but that, without expressing any opinion upon that subject, he declined communicating it to his daughter, who was in too delicate a state of health to bear any fresh emotions, and whom he

could never permit, under any circumstances, to renew her connection with Mr. Arundel. The Duke, finding all his attempts in this quarter unavailing, profited, however, by the hint the Marquis had thrown out, and applied himself to collect such evidence as would corroborate Arundel's statement. In a short time he had obtained such a mass of facts, from Coralie herself, her servants, the coachman who had driven her on the fatal day to Montmorency, and from various other sources, as would have satisfied the most incredulous; and he proposed to send all the evidence, properly authenticated, to Arundel, that he might be able to use it, should the occasion ever present itself. It suddenly struck him that he might as well take it himself. France was become very disagreeable to him—his family had all emigrated—the Marquis had left Paris, and recent circumstances had tended much to estrange them from each other. His other friends all looked coldly upon him because he would join in none of their schemes, which he condemned as wild and impracticable, without the King's express commands. In short, all the ties seemed broken between him and the society he was used to. He applied for, and obtained the Embassy at St. Petersburg, and set off on

his mission as soon as he could make the necessary arrangements.

Let us now return to Arundel, who had, in a few days, verified the prediction of the surgeon, by recovering his reason, without any apparent amelioration of his health. But during his delirium, his ravings had betrayed his secret to all around him. Every scene which had had an influence on his destiny, again presented itself to his distempered imagination. In his paroxysms of rage he would furiously struggle with his attendants, venting on them the most horrible imprecations, as he identified them with the assassins of the sixth of October; or when the violence of the fit was passed, he would seize on Madame Mallet's hand, to her great annoyance and no small terror, and lavish on her, by the hour together, the tenderest epithets, conjuring her to give him some sign, however small, of reciprocal affection, and not to allow the barbarity of a father to condemn them both to perpetual misery; and if Madame Mallet, worn out by fatigue, endeavoured to withdraw her hand, he would accuse her of inconstancy, and implore her not to abandon him, in terms so touching, that very frequently the poor woman could not refrain from tears. At other times she was trans

formed into the Queen, and had to listen to his entreaties not to leave, to their unhappy fate, two persons whose loves she had appeared to protect. At length, fortunately for all parties, one night he fell into a sound sleep, the first he had enjoyed since his illness; and when he awoke from it, it was in the full possession of his senses, but so weak, so emaciated, that no one who had not witnessed the progressive change, would have been able to recognise him.

The fever had left him, and, with it, the fictitious strength it had imparted. It was evident that he was so completely exhausted that the slightest relapse would inevitably be fatal. When Hammond came into the room, he at once perceived that his friend's mind was perfectly restored; while the faint attempt to speak, which died away in a murmur almost inaudible, proved the dreadful state of debility to which he was reduced. A look of pleasure, as Charles approached the bed, and a faint pressure of the hand, were the only signs he was able to give of his recognition; but it was sufficient to excite in Hammond's breast the first sensation of happiness he had felt for many days. The surgeon, who had been apprised of the favourable symptoms which had manifested themselves, said that

the crisis had passed over more favourably than he had expected; and declared that no danger was to be apprehended, except what might arise from his great weakness, or from his being again exposed to any violent emotions, which might occasion a relapse.

This last phrase renewed all Hammond's anxiety; he was now aware of the cause of Arundel's illness—he had been witness to the violence of a passion of which he had no conception, and which had astonished him the more as proceeding from a person so habitually calm and reserved, not to say cold, as Arundel had hitherto shewn himself to be, and from which he had been almost tempted to believe, notwithstanding his affection for Ellen, that hitherto he had not known what love really was. Arundel had sunk beneath it once—what was to save him from its effects now? All this he cautiously mentioned to the surgeon, stating only that he believed his illness had been brought on by a great affliction, the cause of which still existed.

“That is unlucky,” replied the surgeon; “but still it is not likely that, for some days, he will be able to collect his ideas sufficiently to dwell long upon any particular subject; perhaps not even enough to remember distinctly what has

taken place; and, in the meantime, we must endeavour to recruit his strength as fast as possible, and to keep his mind engaged upon light and indifferent subjects." The measures which he adopted were so judicious that a very sensible improvement took place in his patient, in the course of the next three days, during which time, however, Arundel made no attempt to speak. On the evening of the fourth day, Hammond, who scarcely left the sick room, was agreeably surprised to hear himself called by name, although in so low a whisper that he was obliged to stoop down over the pillow to catch the words which fell at intervals, and with something like an effort, from the lips of the invalid. The first question he asked was how long he had been ill? As soon as he was satisfied upon this point, he requested to hear the details of his illness, and seemed particularly anxious to know whether he had spoken, and what he had said during his delirium. Hammond's embarrassment did not escape him, but he noticed it only by a heavy sigh, and begged to see any letters that might have arrived for him. There were none, however, except of a public nature, and these had, of course, been opened by Mallet. His strength was soon quite exhausted, and Madame Mal-

let, who came in at this juncture, forbade any longer conversation. From this time the invalid continued gradually to improve, though so slowly that it was hardly perceptible to those about him; and as his strength increased, a sort of restless agitation seized upon his mind, and renewed the fears of all around him. One morning, however, Mallet asked permission to see him, and having previously obtained the surgeon's sanction, he mentioned that he had received a letter from the Duke de la Rochelle, desiring him to tell Mr. Arundel, if he was in a state to understand it, that his letter had been shewn to the Queen, who had been pleased to declare herself perfectly satisfied with it—that for all other particulars he must wait for his own arrival, which would be in a few days, having been appointed to the vacant post; and he concluded by saying that he trusted this good news would be better than any medicine his physician could administer; and so indeed it proved, for Arundel's eye brightened—the colour came again to his cheek, for an instant; and he felt so invigorated that it required all the persuasions of his attendants to prevent his attempting to rise. A few days after this, Hammond brought him a letter from Sir John, which gave him unalloyed hap-

piness. Ellen's grief and anxiety had been so great, on receiving the news of her brother's danger, that Sir John had agreed to take her and all his family to St. Petersburg, proposing to make a continental tour as soon as Arundel's health should be reestablished; and shortly afterwards, within a few days of each other, the new Ambassador arrived from Paris, and the Hammond family from England.

CHAPTER VII.

ARUNDEL was now sufficiently recovered to leave his room. The affectionate delight that his sister showed at meeting him again, and finding him so much better than she had dared to hope, made him feel that he had yet objects worth living for; and he reproached himself for having allowed his attachment to Gertrude so totally to engross him, as to have made him treat with something like neglect one who a few months before had held undivided possession of his affections. What a selfish animal is man, and how thoroughly, how brutally selfish is an ardent lover! Every moment that is passed away from his mistress, appears time not only thrown away, but misspent—every thought, every word that he is forced to bestow on another is

considered as a positive act of sacrilege: the rest of the world becomes odious to him, and his dearest friends are but impertinent intruders, if they in any way, however innocently, interfere with his pursuit; and so it had been with Arundel. His sister, his earliest, his best friend, had seen weeks pass away without getting one line in answer to her numerous and anxious letters; and when at length it did arrive, it was sometimes so short and captious, that it caused more pain than satisfaction. Had she known the feelings under which he was labouring when he wrote, she would not only have excused, but sympathised with him. As it was, she had often sighed to think that so short an absence had so totally estranged from her one who, since she could first recollect, had been so dear to her. This idea quickly vanished, however, after the first warm greeting proved to her that his heart was still unchanged; and when Hammond had confided to her all his suspicions as to the cause of his illness, the pity she felt for his unhappiness endeared him to her more than ever. Often and anxiously did she and Hammond talk upon the subject, of which they only knew the outlines, and were obliged to fill up the details by the aid of imagination; for it never occurred to

either of them to venture upon such a step as to question Arundel himself about it ; and he seemed carefully to avoid giving them any opening for so doing. The Duke de la Rochelle had merely told him that the Marquis de Romainville had taken his daughter into the country for the recovery of her health, without informing any one of his journey ; and that, consequently, he had had no opportunity of talking to her.

To this Arundel made no answer. The fact was, he felt deeply hurt by the facility with which Gertrude had believed the story of his infidelity. He made no allowance for her situation. He knew not how hardly she had struggled against the artfully woven tale : for her father, finding such a good foundation, had not been very scrupulous as to the manner in which he had raised the superstructure. He knew not how long she had persisted in disbelieving it, in opposition to the assertions of the Marquis, and in spite of the remonstrances of the Queen, who, thoroughly indignant at what she termed Arundel's treachery, had spared no pains to make Gertrude partake her anger ; and when, at last, yielding more from grief and exhaustion, than from conviction, she had given up the contest, he knew not the agonies of despair by which her

breast had been torn. The Marquis, however, did not think the victory won, till he had induced her to place an insurmountable barrier between her lover and herself. Giving way to his artful insinuations, she had written that fatal letter, which destroyed all her hopes; but it was hardly despatched, before she bitterly repented the step she had taken, and would have given worlds to have been able to recall it, when it was too late. The next day, her father took her from Paris, and adopted the most effectual precautions to prevent the possibility of her even hearing the name of her lover mentioned. All this Arundel was naturally ignorant of; and though he could not but acknowledge to himself, that he felt anxious that his explanations should reach her, he flattered himself that it was merely a desire to clear his character from the aspersions which had been cast upon it, without any wish to renew his claim upon her heart. At all events, the first step could not come from him: if she confessed she had done him a gross injustice, he would forgive her; but his love was gone—gone, for ever. Poor Arundel! How easily we deceive ourselves by such miserable sophisms, as if the heart ever obeyed the voice of reason. He fancied the flame extinguished;—it was not even

smothered ; it raged the more furiously, that it sought to conceal itself beneath a covering of pride. Arundel felt it, yet denied its existence. At the moment in which he said to himself, “ I love her no longer,” he knew that his heart gave him the lie. He did love her—more, if possible, than ever ; but he endeavoured to deceive himself and others, by assuming an air of cheerfulness, and repeating to himself, fifty times a day, that his love was extinguished for ever.

Not so Gertrude : every day brought with it a stronger conviction that she had been too hasty. It was possible she had been deceived.—Not by her father : her respect, her filial duty would not allow her for a moment to doubt his honour ; but he might have been himself deceived by others, and if so, what could Arundel think of her ? Would he not despise one who had so easily listened to his suit, and had as easily discarded him ? What misery in the bare idea that she had so grievously wronged him—that she had added insult to injury ! Was this the return for his having saved her life ? And as these thoughts came across her mind, she became more and more restrained in her manners towards her father, whom she could not help considering as the original instigator of the conduct she now so

bitterly lamented. The Marquis, however, appeared to take no notice of her altered manners, and was unwearied in his attentions to her comforts, and in his attempts to gain her confidence.

Week after week passed away. Arundel's health was now completely restored, and he had resumed his duties as secretary of the embassy. Still, nobody seemed to know anything of the abode chosen by the Marquis; and the Duc de la Rochelle, who had caused enquiries to be made in every quarter where he thought it likely he should gain the desired information, expressed his conviction that he had left France with his daughter. This mystery and prolonged absence irritated Arundel to the greatest degree; and he was determined, as soon as the slightest clue was obtained, by which he could trace them, to throw up his employment, and seek them out, that he might compel Gertrude to listen to his defence in the presence of her father, and then to take leave of her for ever.

In the mean time, Sir John Hammond received letters from England, requiring his presence there as soon as he could conveniently return. Of course his family would accompany him; but Charles, by dint of perpetual attacks, had worried his father into allowing his marriage to take place before their

return to England. This arrangement was very agreeable also to Arundel, as it would have been extremely inconvenient to him to have left his post at that moment; and he could not bear the idea of being absent at his sister's marriage. Ellen would have preferred waiting a little longer; but when Arundel had explained to her why he wished it, she no longer resisted. As the time approached, however, Arundel felt his heart die within him; he feared lest the new ties Ellen was about to form, should in aught diminish her affection for himself. It was almost the jealousy of a lover. On the night before the day appointed for the ceremony, he had a long conversation with her; and, after pointing out to her what he considered the weak points in Hammond's character, and showing her how completely her happiness would depend upon the use she might make of the influence she had acquired over him, he continued: "I have endeavoured to discharge, as well as I could, the trust reposed in me by our poor mother. As long as you are happy, dearest Ellen, and, above all, as long as you do not forget me, I shall have something to console me for the wretchedness of my own lot."

"Oh, Henry!" replied Ellen, "you do not know how unhappy it makes me, to hear you

talk in such a desponding manner. At your age, and with your abilities—and particularly after the brilliant manner in which you have commenced your career—you have the whole world at your feet.”

“ Yes, Ellen, it is true : I feel that I have that within me which might enable me to rise above the common crowd ; but I have already lost all ambition—I am deprived of the only inducement to exertion. I am but twenty-one ; but I have run my career. What remains of life will be merely a waste, which I must struggle through, without hopes, as without fears.”

“ My dearest brother !” replied Ellen, “ I have seen that something has been weighing on your mind ever since we have been here. I have carefully avoided alluding to it, because I thought, if you wished it, you would mention it to me yourself ; but, as you have given me this opportunity, let me avail myself of it, to implore you to trust me with your sorrows. I would almost claim as a right, to be made your confidant, and try to console you, if I cannot alleviate them. Or why not return with us to England ? You know it is settled that we are to live at Rosedale. Come and occupy your old room. I need not tell you that Charles will join with me in making you as comfortable and as happy as we can.”

“No, Ellen, that cannot be: I have duties, which must be performed, in the line of life I have embraced; and, moreover, I have to clear my character in the eyes of one who was very dear to me, and to whom I have been basely calumniated. Shall I confess, too, my weakness?—The sight of your happiness would be as death to me. I have struggled against it in vain; but I suffer agonies whenever I witness Charles’s transports of joy. Do not think the worse of me for it. I trust it will pass away; but I repine at—I envy a lot, from which I am for ever shut out;”—and his brow grew black, and his manners almost repulsive, as he made the degrading confession: but Ellen’s caresses and affectionate solicitude succeeded, by degrees, in driving out the demon; and at length she wrung from him the story of his love and disappointment.

“Oh, Ellen!” cried he, as he concluded the tale, “I loved her as if she already formed part of myself. I worshipped the very ground she trod on. I blessed God that I had been permitted to shed my blood for her; and now she abandons me with indifference. She is credulous enough to believe a tale too grossly contrived to deceive a child. Would to heaven I had died at Versailles!

Perhaps then she would have shed a tear for me, while now she hates me and despises me."

"Oh, no," said Ellen, "she cannot. What woman could, after all you have done and suffered for her? I am sure she loves you still;—every word in her letter proves it. She has been deceived, and perhaps, poor thing, she has grieved over it as much as you. You must find her out, and all will be well again."

"No, Ellen, never! I tell you again, I have lost all hope. See her I will, if my life is the price to be paid for it; but it will only be to clear myself, and prove to her that she has no longer any hold over a heart that was wholly hers, but which she thought proper to reject as of no value."

"I am sure you are mistaken," persisted his sister: "one word from your lips would make her feel how unjustly you have been treated."

"And if that word could make her my wife, it should never be spoken. Do you think I will ever humble myself before a woman who has so treated me?—and can you, my sister, seriously advise me to do so? I had rather perish. No, if she feels that I am wronged, it is for her to say so, not for me to cringe at her feet for pardon."

“But, brother, if your happiness—if hers—hangs upon that word, will you allow your pride to cast it from you for ever? Think how you will repent it, when repentance will be too late.”

“I can never repent following a course dictated to me by my sense of honour; but, however, I have plenty of time to reflect upon what I have to do, for at present I see no hopes of finding out the place of her retreat.”

The next morning, Ellen became the wife of Charles Hammond; and on the following day, the whole party set out on their return to England, through the north of Germany, leaving Arundel perfectly reestablished in health, but in a frame of mind that was anything but enviable. It was fortunate for him that he had so much to do in his official capacity, that he had scarcely time to occupy himself with his own feelings. The Duke left every thing to him, and, in point of fact, was ambassador only in name;—nor had he reason to repent his confidence, though Arundel felt his situation growing more complicated every moment.

Events were following each other with fearful rapidity in France. The royalists were evidently making every preparation for a great struggle. The Abbé Maury had said to his adherents in the National Assembly, on the

subject of the decree of the constitution of the clergy, "Never mind, gentlemen, it will not be long. Let them carry this decree. We want it. A few more like it, and all will be finished." The Comte d'Artois had his agents in every court, and was openly intriguing to form a league amongst the sovereigns of Europe, for the purpose of putting down the revolution by force of arms, notwithstanding the public protestations of the King against such proceedings. Soon came the news of the death of Mirabeau—a man regretted alike by royalists and patriots. These could not forget the noble services he had rendered the national cause in the early part of the contest; and those were beginning to feel confidence in the sincerity of his reconciliation with them, and perhaps acknowledged the truth of his own observation, "that his death was the prelude to the downfall of the monarchy."

Notwithstanding the loss of their best support, the court seemed to pursue their plans with fresh vigour and audacity. Arundel could not fail to perceive that he no longer possessed any influence at the court of St. Petersburg; and although, personally, he was still treated with consideration, his representations on all matters of public business were no more attended to than if they had been

made by a private individual. The Duke supported him but feebly ; and a conversation he had with the Empress completely opened his eyes as to the manner in which that princess viewed the state of things in France.

Early in life she had professed great liberality of opinion, and been in constant communication with Voltaire and other philosophers of the same school, whose opinions she appeared to encourage and foster ; but she no sooner saw the tree they had contributed to plant, blossom and bear fruit, than, frightened at the rapid progress of principles which might curtail her own power in common with that of all other monarchs, she at once declared herself their implacable enemy, and even went so far as to tell Arundel that she considered the cause of the King as being completely distinct and separate from that of the nation. This determined him to give up his situation, rather than continue to play so equivocal a part any longer ; but the Duke, although he could not prevail upon him to change his resolution, persuaded him to delay it till he should be provided with a successor.

While he was thus undecided, a few sentences that he dropped before Mallet, let the latter into the secret of his thoughts. Now, Mallet was a

man who would not have done what he considered a dishonourable action for the world ; and, moreover, he had a sincere attachment for his colleague ; but when he saw that Arundel had fully made up his mind to give up his place, and was only wavering as to the proper time for so doing, he thought he would be doing him no harm by putting an end to his irresolution,—more particularly, as, if he could persuade him to leave St. Petersburg before the arrival of his successor—and he knew the Duke had as yet taken no steps to have one named—he, Mallet, must necessarily be called upon to replace him ; the actual state of affairs being such, that the appointment could not be delayed for a day. As we have before said, therefore, he foresaw great advantage to himself, and no prejudice to his friend ; and with this view, in answer to some expressions of dissatisfaction at his situation, which fell from Arundel, he replied, “ Why, to tell you the truth, I am not surprised at it ; for it is not very pleasant for either of us to be employed in matters of a merely ostensible nature, and to know that the real business is entrusted to others.”

“ Entrusted to others !” cried Arundel ; “ what do you mean by that ?”

“Why, I mean that, though we are acquainted with the dispatches emanating from the minister for foreign affairs, we know nothing of those which are concocted by the King’s confidential advisers: for instance, you know by heart, I dare say, the note which the ambassador delivered the other day, protesting against the intrigues of the Comte d’Artois; but you have not seen a word of the counter-letter, contradicting the first, and explaining the reasons for which it had been written. That was all managed between the Duke and a certain noble emigré.”

“Impossible !” exclaimed Arundel ; “you must be mistaken. I can never believe such treachery—and still less, that the Duke de la Rochelle, who always kept aloof from intrigues, would have any thing to do with it !”

“That I am sure he would not,” replied the other, “if he considered it in that point of view ; but he does not. He is a thoroughly honourable man ; but he is attached, from principle and feeling, to the court ; and, though I believe him to be too wise and moderate to wish for a return to the old system of things in all its details, yet I am sure he would consider himself bound, by the situation he holds, to assist the King’s

plans by every means in his power, particularly if sanctioned expressly by his Majesty."

"If I were sure," said Arundel, "of what you advance, I would give in my resignation this very hour; but have you any thing like proof?"

"Proof in matters of this sort," replied his colleague, "is not easy; but you know I do contrive to pick up information sometimes, and I am so convinced of the truth of what I assert, that I would stake my reputation upon it;"—and so he might very safely have done, considering that he was the confidant of the Duke, and entrusted with the management of the whole business.

"I will ask the Duke himself, as soon as I see him," said Arundel; he cannot refuse me an answer."

"For God's sake, do not compromise me! It would be my ruin," cried Mallet.

Arundel satisfied him upon that point, and immediately proceeded in quest of the Duke. He soon found him, and had no difficulty in ascertaining that Mallet's information was perfectly correct; indeed the Duke was too honourable a man to attempt to answer by a direct falsehood, and had too little of the diplomatist about him to parry the interrogations of his secretary. His only object was to sooth Arundel's indigna-

tion, and excuse himself, as well as he could, for the want of confidence he had shown him, by assuring him that in this he had acted against his own wishes, and solely in compliance with the positive orders of his superiors. Arundel, who was very much attached to him, and saw that his regret was sincere, was easily appeased by his protestations; but nothing could shake his determination to resign his office without delay, although the Duke used every argument in his power, to induce him to forego it.

“Well, if you will go,” said he at last, “you shall have, at all events, such testimonials from me, as will insure you a place at least as good as the one you now relinquish, and one where you will not have to combat with your scruples.”

“Any proof of your regard, my dear Duke,” replied Arundel, “or testimonial of your satisfaction with my services, will always be valuable to me; but as for another place, under the actual system of things, I will never accept it. They make a distinction between the service of the King, and that of the nation; and no one can blame me for adopting that distinction also: France may command my services in any way in which I can be useful to her; but I am not to be cajoled into serving those who seek her ruin for

their own aggrandizement. One act of justice they have done me, by considering me as unfit to be entrusted with the secret of their intrigues, and I thank them for it; but I will not again place myself in so false a position."

The Duke, perceiving that any further attempts to gain him over would be useless, gave up the attempt; and, though he could not but regret the loss of so able an assistant, he felt something like satisfaction at the removal of one whose presence seemed like a continual reproach upon his own conduct. Arundel's preparations for his departure were soon completed, and, having taken a friendly leave of the Duke, he set out on his journey to Paris.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE weather was very hot, and, having no motive for using extraordinary dispatch, Arundel lingered on his way, and only arrived at the capital early on the morning of the 21st of June. As he approached the barriers, he thought he could see marks of unusual agitation. Groups of men were assembled, talking and gesticulating in the most vehement manner. Here and there were to be seen National Guards, hurrying along to join their respective corps. The drums were beating to arms, and the tocsin ringing all over the city, while, from time to time, the booming sound of a heavy piece of ordnance was heard above the hubbub and uproar of the increasing multitude. Arundel was on the point of stopping the carriage, to inquire into the cause of this general

perturbation, when he found he was entering the gate of the city. In an instant the carriage was surrounded by an immense multitude of men, women, and children, who eagerly demanded what news he had brought. It was some time before their vociferations, uttered in every possible tone of voice, could allow him to make himself heard, when he assured them, that he not only brought no intelligence, but that he was quite ignorant of the cause of the question; and then the astounding news of the King's flight, with his family, on the previous night, broke upon his ear. His carriage was allowed to proceed, and, as it rolled on slowly through the crowded streets, he endeavoured in vain to reflect upon the consequences of this extraordinary step. Although he had long had reason to suppose that some scheme of the sort was in agitation, yet when he found that it had really taken place, it seemed as if he had never believed that it could actually occur. He felt almost stunned by it. His first feeling was that of indignation against a monarch, who, notwithstanding his apparent piety, could thus show the little confidence that was to be put in his most solemn declarations, and who was making preparations for flight at the very moment when he was loudest in his

expressions of attachment and fidelity to the constitution. If he succeeded in his attempt, civil war seemed inevitable; and if he did not—but here Arundel was almost afraid to think of the consequences which might ensue. He shuddered to guess at what might be the fate of the King—of the Queen, into whose intimacy he had been admitted, and who had, at one period, treated him with so much kindness;—and as he reverted to those times, a fresh subject for apprehension came across his mind: Gertrude had been taken into the country by her father, it was true; but that was some months ago. She might have returned since that, to resume her place near the Queen's person, and perhaps made one in the fatal expedition. Tormented by these thoughts, he ordered the postilion to drive straight to the office for foreign affairs, where he wished to complete the business of his resignation, and where he also hoped to obtain correct information on the events of the preceding night. He was received very kindly by the Minister, who had just returned from the National Assembly, and who, consequently, was able to give him the history of what had occurred, as far as it was then known. What he heard tranquillized his mind, at least as far as Gertrude

was concerned. With regard to his resignation, the minister so strongly represented to Arundel the extreme impolicy of his tendering it at such a juncture, when the only causes which had induced him to offer it were removed, and when it would be looked upon as deserting the nation, in obedience to the orders given to all public functionaries by the King in the proclamation he had left behind him, that he was easily prevailed to suspend its execution, till it was seen what turn affairs would take. At the same time, he got confirmed and extended the leave of absence he had received from the ambassador.

Arundel's next step was to secure an apartment; and when he had accomplished this, and refreshed himself from the fatigues of his journey, he again sallied forth in quest of news, or rather, perhaps, because the feverish state of mind in which he then was, made it impossible for him to remain quiet. His first idea was to find out De Beauvoisin, who, as the aide-de-camp of Lafayette, was likely to be informed of every thing that happened sooner than most people. He found him on the point of leaving his house, in obedience to a summons he had just received, to accompany his General to the National Assem-

bly, and eagerly accepted his invitation to go with him. As they proceeded, they were both much struck by the different aspect the streets presented then, to what they had done a few hours before. Every thing had returned to a state of perfect tranquillity. The public thoroughfares were not more crowded than usual. The shops were open, and everything maintained its ordinary appearance. No one could have guessed, from the exterior signs, that any important event had occurred to agitate the public mind. The dignified composure with which the National Assembly had received the unexpected intelligence, and the sagacious measures which they had adopted in consequence, had completely restored the confidence of the people ; and if any allusion was made to the fugitives, it was only in bitter sarcasms on their treachery, or in congratulations on having so easily got rid of them.

Having joined Lafayette, from whom our hero received a hearty welcome, they proceeded to the Assembly, which had declared its sittings permanent. Never, since its first meeting, had that great body shown itself more worthy to be entrusted with the destinies of a mighty nation. The royalists had withdrawn from it, after signing, to the number of two hundred and seventy,

a protest against the decrees suspending the exercise of the royal authority. Those members who remained, presented, in consequence, an appearance of unanimity, to which they had long been strangers. Every passion was hushed—every minor subject of dispute had disappeared before the imperious necessity of providing for the public safety. The most vigorous measures were adopted. All the civil and military authorities took an oath of fidelity to the nation, and from three to four hundred thousand National Guards were placed, by a decree, at the disposal of the government, should such an extraordinary force be required to protect the kingdom. Lafayette gave every explanation that was asked of him, and they were considered by the Assembly to be perfectly satisfactory, although Arundel could not but think that the grossest negligence, to say the least, must have existed somewhere, to have enabled the royal family to put their project into execution. However, he made no comments on what he had heard; and when Lafayette took his leave, he accepted his friend's invitation to dine with him, tête-à-tête, in the Chaussée d'Antin, which Monsieur and Madame Martin had left some time before to go into the country. The conversation at first turned, as might natu-

rally be supposed, upon the events of the day ; but when dinner was over, and they were freed from the interruption of the servants, it gradually embraced every subject most interesting to them both, which had occurred since they had last met.

“ You hardly deserve, though,” said the Count, “ that I should talk to you so openly of all my affairs, when you have always shown yourself so reserved towards me.—Nay, do not deny it ; for, as you do not appear to be aware of it, I must tell you that I was the person to whom the Duke de la Rochelle applied, to assist him in clearing up that unlucky affair of yours with Coralie.”

Arundel made an exclamation of displeasure and surprise.

“ Nay, do not be angry with him ; he was forced to it. His habits, and ignorance of that portion of our society, compelled him to apply to some one who was acquainted with it, and he naturally enough chose a person whom he knew to be your friend, and whom he, at all events, did justice to, by placing unlimited confidence in. His surprise was indeed great, when he found how completely ignorant I was of every thing that had passed between you and Mademoiselle de Romainville—nor could I prevent his seeing

how much I felt hurt by this conduct on the part of one whose friendship and confidence I had endeavoured to win, and which I had fancied I possessed."

"My dear friend," cried Arundel, taking his hand, "if you reflect that my secret concerned another still more closely, perhaps, than it did me, I am sure you will not only excuse, but approve of my conduct."

"Oh, yes, it did not last long; I am not a man to keep *rancune*, and when I heard of your illness all was forgiven; but let me tell you, that you have an excellent friend in the Duke, whom you contrived to pass off on me as the intended husband of your *belle*. He did all he could to find out the Marquis, in spite of the Queen's disapprobation."

"The Queen's disapprobation!—what on earth do you mean?" exclaimed Arundel.

"What! are you not aware of it? Oh, I see; the Duke thought it would not tell very favourably for her, and therefore suppressed it;" and then he gave him a full account of the conversation between the Queen and the Duke, with which the reader is already acquainted, and which called forth, more than once, the passionate expression of Arundel's indignation.

“Well,” continued the Count, “when the Duke left Paris for St. Petersburg, without having made any discovery, I undertook to prosecute the enquiry; and I am happy to say I have, at length, discovered the retreat of the Marquis de Romainville.”

“My dear friend,” exclaimed Arundel, “how can I ever repay your kindness? Where is it? How on earth did you find it out?”

“Have a little patience, and you shall know all about it. At first I was as unsuccessful as the Duke had been, notwithstanding I had as many spies as the lieutenant of police himself. At last a brilliant idea struck me. I knew my father had formerly had a long correspondence with the Marquis on some matters of business, and I asked him if he could give me any unimportant note of his, pretending that it was for a lady who was making a collection of autographs. He easily found one which suited my purpose; and, armed with it, I sought out the postman who usually brings the letters to Monsieur Tournon, the Marquis’s agent. I put the note into his hands, and told him that if he was intrusted with any letters in that handwriting, and would inform me of the post-mark they bore, I would reward him handsomely. In about a week he came to me with a letter in his hand,

in the handwriting of the Marquis, and bearing the post-mark of Pau. The scoundrel wanted me to buy the letter of him altogether. That, of course, I declined, and, satisfied with the information I had obtained, recompensed him to his heart's content, and dismissed him. That night I started for Pau; but notwithstanding all my researches during the three weeks I remained there, I could hear nothing of him. It then occurred to me, and it was stupid enough not to have thought of it before, that he had no doubt changed his name. Well, there was nothing for it but to return to Paris and endeavour to work it out there. After a great deal of trouble and bribing, I found out, through one of the clerks of the post-office, that the only person with whom Tournon was in correspondence at Pau was a Chevalier d'Astorg, and I have not the least doubt that he and the Marquis are one and the same person. I only discovered this the day before yesterday, and now it remains with you to follow up the adventure as you think fit. I will conclude by saying that you may use me in any way in which I can be of service to you."

"Thank you a thousand times, my dear Count," said Arundel; "and yet I confess I hardly

know how to act. My most eager desire is to prove to Mademoiselle de Romainville that I have been grossly calumniated; and then to leave her for ever. After the letter she did me the honour to write to me, it would be nothing but a piece of despicable meanness to form any other wish;" but the sigh with which he uttered these words, and which he could not repress, proved that he did entertain another wish, although he endeavoured to conceal it from himself.

"I shall go, without delay, and place before her eyes everything necessary for my justification, which, fortunately, the Duke put into my hands at St. Petersburg, and then it will be for her to decide as to the relations which will exist between us in future."

"I can give no advice in the matter," said de Beauvoisin; "but allow me to caution you against letting an overfastidious delicacy ruin your happiness, and that of Mademoiselle de Romainville."

"Her happiness!" exclaimed his friend; "and do you imagine that if she had ever really loved me, she would so readily have believed such a tissue of lies? No, no!—absence had done its work, and she was not sorry to have a pretence to break with me."

“I am sure you do her great injustice, Arundel,” said the Count; “had it been one of our court beauties, who change their lovers as they do their gloves, I should have been inclined to agree with you; but from all I have heard of her, I confess I do not think it at all probable.”

If Arundel had analysed the feelings of his heart, he would have discovered, not only that he did not think it probable either, but that he was convinced of the injustice of his accusation, though he could not easily forgive her apparent credulity; perhaps, also, he spoke as he did in the hopes of hearing her warmly defended by the Count, and being argued out of the bitter feelings he entertained towards her. If that was the case, he was egregiously deceived. De Beauvoisin’s acquaintance with female society had been of such a nature as to inspire him with the very worst possible opinion of it; and he thought Arundel’s opinion by no means an improbable one, although he did not like to hurt his feelings by saying so. The measured manner, however, in which he expressed himself, was anything but satisfactory to his friend, who returned to the charge with increased asperity.

“You seem to forget,” exclaimed he, “the school in which she has been brought up. There

has been no lack of examples to encourage falsehood and inconstancy in a girl who has lived so long in a court which, for centuries, has been notorious for being the most profligate in Europe."

But the Count seemed determined not to give a more explicit opinion, and contented himself with some general common-places about youth and innocence, &c.

Arundel, by this time, had worked himself up to a state bordering on frenzy, and inwardly determined that nothing should ever induce him to renew his suit to Mademoiselle de Romainville. Under these impressions he took his leave; and the next day, having obtained his passports—not without considerable difficulty, owing to the disturbed state of public affairs—he arrived at Pau in an incredibly short space of time. He had no obstacle to encounter in ascertaining that the Chevalier d'Astorg was residing, with his only daughter, in a castle he had hired near the foot of the Pyrenees; and, from the answers he received to his minute enquiries, he was satisfied that they were the persons he was in search of.

Now came the difficulty of deciding upon the course to be pursued. Should he openly apply to the Marquis, or should he endeavour to see

Gertrude alone? After mature deliberation he determined upon the latter. It was clear that the Marquis had taken the greatest pains to prevent Arundel from discovering his retreat, and would most assuredly not allow an interview to take place between him and his daughter. Arundel felt that towards him he was bound by no scruples of delicacy; and should the Marquis once learn that he was in the neighbourhood, he would, no doubt, take measures to render abortive all his attempts. Still there was something repugnant to Arundel's feelings in having recourse to stealth for a purpose to which he desired to give every possible publicity; but there was no help for it; and trusting to his being totally unknown to the Marquis and his servants, he took up his abode in a small village at a short distance from the castle. Here he remained some days, passing the whole of his time in wandering about the park and romantic grounds in the neighbourhood, in the hopes of meeting Gertrude alone. He had ascertained that her father was in the habit of taking very long rides, going out at sunrise, and sometimes remaining absent the whole day. Twice he had seen Gertrude at a distance, but each time accompanied by another lady, who never quitted

her side for an instant. Every evening Arundel returned to his humble lodging melancholy and disappointed, but still hoping that the next day would be more propitious to him than the last ; but in this he was destined to be deceived. The Marquis was not a man whose vigilance was easily to be eluded. He had known what love was in his youth, and he knew what it was capable of attempting. He had taken means to be informed of all Arundel's motions, and as long as he remained at St. Petersburg he knew there was no cause for uneasiness. When he heard of his arrival at Paris, his agent received orders to be more vigilant than ever ; and Arundel had not been established in his new abode ten days, before the Marquis received the intelligence of his having left Paris with a passport for Pau. To trace all his steps afterwards was no difficult matter. The sudden appearance of an Englishman in so retired a spot, and the sort of mystery in which his proceedings seemed to be enveloped, naturally excited the curiosity of all the inhabitants of the village ; and the Marquis knew exactly how he passed every minute of his time.

But what course to adopt in order to get rid of him, was a matter of more embarrassment. Once or twice the thought came across his mind that

now was the opportunity of ridding himself for ever of the son of the man he detested, and whom he already hated on his own account, with an intensity proportioned to the annoyances of which he was the constant cause. The thing was easy enough in that wild country, surrounded by his own dependents—the murder of his enemy would have passed unnoticed, probably unknown; for what cannot wealth and power effect? But, though not over-scrupulous in the means by which he attained his ends, and completely hardened against the voice of human suffering, the Marquis still recoiled from a crime of so black a dye; and at times, perhaps, he even felt something like gratitude towards the preserver of his daughter. The wish of his heart was to force this man, in whom he was determined to see only an enemy, to fight him, contented to die by his hand if that would effectually prevent his marriage with his daughter; but besides that such a proceeding would have been attended with an éclat which, for many reasons, he wished to avoid, he had learned from Gertrude the solemn promise Arundel had made her, never, under any circumstances, to lift his hand against her father. At length he determined to appeal to his daughter herself, and in-

duce her to write such a letter to Arundel as should prove to him that his presence in that neighbourhood, and the object of it, were known, and could be attended with no result such as he probably anticipated. With this view he sought his daughter's room.

When her father entered, Gertrude was sitting at her window, which looked out into the garden, apparently watching the movements of some swans which ornamented a large piece of water at a short distance from the house; but her fixed gaze, and steady eye, showed that her thoughts were employed on some far different object. Oh! how changed from the light-hearted, happy girl, she had been two years before. The mild climate of the south, and the attentions with which she was surrounded, had completely restored her bodily health; but the elasticity of her mind was gone. Her features were still as lovely as ever, but the dull listless eye, and the unnatural hue of her complexion, spoke of unavailing regrets for the past, indifference for the present, and utter hopelessness for the future. Her heart was seared; no pleasure—no feeling of happiness—no fresh grief even, could find entrance there. Her very tears had ceased to flow—their fountain was dried up.

Her father was close to her before she was aware of his approach. At the first sound of his voice she started, as if detected in the commission of some forbidden act, and something like a shudder came involuntarily across her as he took her passive hand. The months she had passed in solitude with him, had taught her to fear but not to love him; and the unwonted softness with which he addressed her recalled to her mind, but too well, the caressing tone with which he had won her consent to write her last fatal letter to her lover.

“My child,” said he, “you do not know how happy it makes me to see your health so well restored; Madame Lalande tell me you took quite a long walk together yesterday, and that you were not at all tired—is that so?”

“Yes, sir,” replied she, coldly, and without raising her eyes from the ground.

The Marquis bit his lips for a moment. “Why do you speak so coldly to me, Gertrude? Do you not know that my only care is for you—for your happiness? and I hoped I had succeeded. Do you wish for anything? You have only to name it, and it is yours.”

“Thank you, sir—I wish for nothing—I am very happy;” and she tried to stifle a sigh as she spoke.

The Marquis did not draw any very good omen from this beginning; but, little accustomed to contradiction, he resolved to dash at once *in medias res*.

“Do you know,” exclaimed he, after a moment’s silence, “I was almost afraid I should not have found you at home, and I want your advice and assistance.”

Gertrude looked at him as if she would have read his very soul, but remained silent.

“I am sorry to say,” continued he, “that I must again name a person whom we have both long since forgotten; and who, I had hoped, would never again have forced himself upon our attention, after the unworthy manner in which he had treated you.”

He looked steadily at his daughter to see what effect this allusion would have upon her. When she first understood his meaning, her eyes grew dizzy, her colour went and came in rapid succession, and she breathed with difficulty; but before he had done speaking, she had quite mastered her emotion, and answered steadily and in as firm a tone of voice as his own:

“If you mean Mr. Arundel, sir, I am not sorry that, by alluding to him, you have given me permission to speak of him, without trans-

gressing your positive commands; and I gladly take this opportunity of declaring that I am long since convinced that he never did act as he was represented to have done; and that I do not now believe one word of the vile calumnies to which I was unfortunately induced to give credence."

"This to me!" exclaimed the Marquis, enraged beyond measure; "do you dare to tell your father that you believe he has deceived you?"

"Not so, sir; you only obtained your information from others, and I firmly believe they deceived you. May God forgive them all the misery they have caused; and may God forgive me for having been weak enough to have written such a letter to my noble, my generous preserver."

She spoke with an earnestness and fervour which had long since been apparently extinguished in her. The Marquis was inexpressibly discomposed by the discovery he made—that the passion which he had fondly hoped was, if not destroyed, at least weakened, still existed in its full strength; but this thought only made him the more determined to crush it if he could. He repressed all appearance of

anger, and resuming his usual cold, stern manner, replied, "I believe its truth, and that is sufficient reason for me to do my duty, even if no other reason existed; but be that as it may, I presume your indecent passion for this adventurer has not made you forget your solemn promise to hold no communication whatever with him."

Gertrude answered him proudly, that she was not in the habit of forgetting any promise once made.

"In that case," said he, "I will inform you, without further circumlocution, that this individual has been lurking about this place for some days past. What his precise object may be, of course I cannot tell; but it is fair to conjecture that nothing honourable can be intended, when clandestine proceedings are resorted to. Now I want you to write to him, and tell him that you will neither see him nor receive any letter from him; and that all you desire is, that he should leave you in peace."

"I will write no more, sir," replied Gertrude; "I have written to him once too often already. If he has any explanation to give, it is a duty we owe him—it is but common justice to receive it."

"That is very fine talking," said the Marquis,

with a sneer ; “ but unluckily, the promise you profess to hold so sacred will prevent your receiving his explanations ; nay, more—I will tell you this, that before we left Paris, I did receive what he was pleased to call a justification, but which was so evidently absurd that I treated it with the contempt it deserved. Recollect this, however, that I merely asked you to write out of compassion to this young madman, as I was not willing unnecessarily to have recourse to harsher measures ; but I swear he shall not longer cross my path with impunity. Though he has had, as you affirm, the extreme condescension to promise he will not draw his sword against me, I thank God, I am bound by no such promise towards him.”

“ Good heavens !—what can you mean ?” cried his daughter ; “ but no, you only mean to frighten me—you will not harm him, my father ?” And she took his hand and hung upon it, while she looked at him with such an expression of fear and horror, as satisfied the Marquis that he had touched the right cord.

“ Not if I can avoid it,” replied he ; “ whether I am forced to it or not, depends entirely upon yourself.”

Gertrude threw herself at his feet, in an agony

of tears, conjuring him not again to make her the instrument of his vengeance; but the cold withering look with which he regarded her, convinced her that it was in vain. He saw his advantage, and was resolved not to abandon it. For all answer, he raised her up; and leading her to a writing table, said, "Now decide, for I am in haste."

"I have decided," said she, firmly. "I have decided to save my father from the commission of a great crime;" and taking a pen, she wrote these few words:—

"I have just learnt that you are in the neighbourhood. I know not your purpose; but I have made a solemn promise never to hold any communication with you, directly or indirectly, and that promise I will never break.

"GERTRUDE."

She gave it her father in silence, who took it, and was leaving the room, when, touched perhaps by a feeling of compassion, he returned, and said, with more kindness, "Do not think that I am insensible to or ungrateful for this sacrifice."

"I have made no sacrifice, sir," replied his

daughter ; “ it is long since I have had any to make.”

Her father looked at her for an instant, and then, turning upon his heel, left the room with a sigh. But whatever might have been his feelings at that moment towards his daughter, he lost no time in making use of the document he had wrung from her ; he enclosed it with a note from himself, saying, that Mlle. de Romainville had begged him to forward it ; and that, as Mr. Arundel must perceive that all further persecution would be useless, he trusted he would at once give it up, and leave a place where his presence could only cause annoyance, and oblige his daughter to confine herself to the house. This was dispatched by a trusty messenger, who left it at the small inn where Arundel lived, with strict charge to give it him as soon as he returned. This did not take place till late in the evening. He was not in the very best humour, having passed the whole day in his usual fruitless occupation. He had not thought it necessary to make the people of the inn acquainted with his name ; and, therefore, his surprise may be more easily conceived than expressed, when a large letter, addressed to him by name, and sealed with a huge coat of arms,

was put into his hands. In an instant the truth flashed across him, and tearing open the cover, he read the two inclosures. The effect upon him was terrific: in a fit of ungovernable passion he tore the papers between his teeth, and throwing them down, stamped upon the fragments till they were reduced to atoms. Bitter were the imprecations he vented upon the Marquis; nor was Gertrude herself spared in these ejaculations of his wrath. He accused her of falsehood and ingratitude; and snatching up a pen, wrote to tell her, that she had nothing more to dread from him—that he was about instantly to depart, and that his only care would be to endeavour to forget her altogether; thanking her at the same time for having supplied him with the most effectual remedy for his folly, by showing him the true value to be set upon her affections! Having sent this by his landlord to the castle, and paid his bill, in another hour he was upon his road to Paris, where he arrived with a mind distracted between a desire to prove to Gertrude how easily he could forget her, and the inward consciousness that such an effort was beyond his power.

CHAPTER IX.

DURING his short absence, the political situation of the kingdom had been quite altered. The royal family, arrested in their flight, had been brought back to Paris as prisoners, and as such were confined to the Tuilleries, where, it was understood, they were to remain in this state till the constitution was completed and accepted by the King. Still, although they were the objects of the most unremitting vigilance, every liberty consistent with their safe custody was allowed them ; and as receptions still continued to take place at the Tuilleries, Arundel determined to present himself amongst those who still thought it right to pay that mark of respect to the captive Sovereign. De Beauvoisin endeavoured, but in vain, to dissuade

him from it; representing that such a step would infallibly be construed into an approval of their late attempt, and would, consequently, draw down upon him the suspicions, if not the vengeance, of those in authority. He urged, that the conduct of the Queen to him, latterly, had been of such a nature as must have completely effaced any feelings of gratitude with which her former favour might have inspired him; but Arundel remained inflexible. They were overwhelmed with misfortune, he said, and it was incumbent upon all those who formerly had received favours from them, to show that they still retained a grateful recollection of them; at all events he was not disposed to be numbered among those time-serving courtiers, who, after basking in the sunshine of their prosperity, turned their faces towards some other place of refuge when the storm began to lower. The idea of danger to himself he laughed at; if it really existed, it would be an additional inducement. He passed lightly over the Queen's refusal to assist the Duc de la Rochelle in his vindication to Gertrude; perhaps he felt a sort of pride in showing her that, though he could not forget, he could forgive.

With these feelings, therefore, he presented

himself one evening at the palace, and was ushered into the public apartments, where the royal family were then assembled. How different was the aspect of that diminished court from the brilliant one to which he had been first introduced at Versailles ! The King and the Queen were sitting at two different card tables, and, in addition to those who made up their party, there were not ten persons present. The gay companies of the Gardes du Corps were replaced by the Constitutional Guard, which the National Assembly had instituted for the service of the palace. Instead of the splendid uniforms, the gorgeous dresses, the merry laugh and proud boastings of a self-confident nobility, only a few men were to be seen, talking to each other in whispers, and seeming to view every new comer with the eye of suspicion. As soon as the play was at an end, Arundel approached their Majesties, for the purpose of paying his respects to them. The King, who had hardly ever addressed a word to him, was the first to perceive him, and to accost him.

“ Well, Mr. Arundel,” said he, “ what do you think of my late *escapade* ? I gave all my good people of Paris a famous fright—did I not ? ”

Arundel was too much astonished at this extraordinary speech, to be able immediately to answer, which his Majesty perceiving, said: "What! I see you too were taken in by it; but after all, *il faut que je fusse mes farces comme un autre.*"

The Queen, who had been an impatient auditor of her husband's ill-timed jokes, did not give Arundel time to reply; but prevented any further display of his Majesty's wit, by saying, rather sharply, "Mr. Arundel will tell you, sir, that he is convinced, as well as every body else, except those who do not choose to be convinced, that your Majesty's intention was not to leave France."

"Of course, of course," rejoined the King; "my proclamation says so expressly"—and with these words he passed on to talk to some one else.

"Mr. Arundel," said the Queen, as soon as the King had left them, "I will not say I am surprised, but I am pleased, to find that you have not followed the example of the multitude, and shunned the court in our present unfortunate position. I expected no less from you; but we have met with so much ingratitude in those from whom we had the least right to expect it, that every instance of loyalty becomes proportionably precious in our eyes."

“Madame,” replied Arundel, “I trust I shall ever show myself grateful for the favours I have received from your Majesty. I need not say how deeply I grieve for the altered situation in which I find you.”

“Altered but for a time,” exclaimed she, quickly. “My brother and the other powers of Europe will now see the necessity of interfering, if they wish monarchy to be preserved in France, or indeed throughout the world; for a successful attempt to destroy it here would soon find imitators in every other country.”

Arundel remained silent; but he could not repress a sigh at what he considered her delusion.

“But I forgot, sir,” continued the Queen: “I think I heard you left St Petersburg because you did not choose to forward the King’s views.”

“Your Majesty has been misinformed,” replied our hero. “I transacted, to the best of my ability, all the business that was confided to me; and I am happy to say that it was all of a nature which I could conscientiously undertake.”

“How am I to understand that, sir?”

This was a difficult question to answer, without departing from the respect due to the person who asked it; and Arundel perceived, that, without intending it, he had got upon delicate

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man would say and do to-morrow, judging by what had been his opinions and actions to-day. A great proportion of those who at first had been the most violent revolutionary leaders, and the most determined opponents of the court, had become its warmest defenders. Barnave himself, who had at the outset inspired the royalists with nothing but a sentiment of horror and detestation, was at the present moment acknowledged as their principal adviser.

The party known afterwards by the name of the Girondins, and whose operations were then principally directed by Brissot, avowed their wish to abolish the monarchy altogether, and establish in its stead a federative republic, composed of those states which had formerly been the provinces of the kingdom. This project they had proposed, and endeavoured to carry into effect, at the time of the King's flight; but though they found an overwhelming majority against a plan, the effect of which would have been to substitute a number of small independent states for one mighty empire—they were not discouraged, and had only adjourned, not laid aside, their favourite scheme. Bailly and the municipality, Lafayette and the National Guard, were intent upon securing the permanent

authority of the middle classes, to which, for the most part, their adherents belonged; and, seeing that the royalist faction was at too low an ebb to offer them any effectual opposition, they turned their united strength against the efforts of the people, who were by no means disposed quietly to yield to the despotism of an oligarchy, after having, with so much trouble, and at so many sacrifices, freed themselves from the yoke of an absolute monarch. Nor did they view with favourable eyes the endeavour to substitute an aristocracy of shopkeepers for an hereditary nobility.

The people knew that with them had originated, and by their efforts had been insured the success of the Revolution; and now they saw, with indignation, that the only benefit they were likely to reap from it was a change of masters. To this, however, they were determined not to submit without a struggle; and directed and supported by the party which, at a later period, assumed the denomination of the Montagne, they asserted their rights with indomitable pertinacity, and were prepared, if need were, to oppose force to force.

This state of things became soon apparent to Arundel, and he was not much surprised, there-

fore, at the somewhat sudden change in the language of his friend de Beauvoisin, who, an ardent admirer of Lafayette's, alternately sang the praises of the King and Queen, or exhausted himself in invectives against the restless watchfulness of the people—or, to use his own language, the intrigues of the factious. He seemed to have become—to use a phrase which, at a much later period, became celebrated—more royalist than the King himself. Arundel, who by no means admired his friend's sudden conversion, and who knew that it had its origin in that of his chief, steadily resisted all the endeavours which were made to induce him to adopt the same opinions; he declined an offer made by Lafayette to name him one of his aides-de-camp, and resolved to keep aloof from party till he could clearly see his way through all the difficulties which seemed to darken the political horizon. In the meantime, however, he continued to present himself occasionally at Tuilleries; but having refused positively to take any share in a new scheme for carrying off the King, although he, at the same time, offered his services and assistance in any plan which should have for its object merely the liberation of the Queen and the other members

of the Royal family, he fancied that he was received with marked coolness, and that his presence imposed a restraint upon the other persons who composed the society of the court. Under this impression, his visits became less and less frequent, and were seldom protracted beyond the time necessary for paying his respects to the members of the Royal family.

But at a time when the actions of the most unimportant individuals were the subject of jealous scrutiny and malicious inferences, it was hardly to be supposed that these visits of Arundel's to the Tuilleries, though merely meant on his part as demonstrations of gratitude for past favours, and regarded by those to whom they were addressed, as mere matters of form, should escape the vigilant eyes of the Club of the Jacobins, which was then beginning to exercise a formidable influence on public affairs, and which the people, already considered as the stoutest bulwark of public liberty. Arundel's position as a foreigner—for as such he was considered, notwithstanding his naturalization in France—rendered him peculiarly obnoxious to suspicion; and it was not long before he was denounced to the Criminal Tribunal, as having been deeply implicated in the intrigues of the Court,

and more particularly as having been employed in arranging a fresh plan for the escape of the King.*

It is not, therefore, surprising, that one evening on his return home, he found a note from Robespierre, the *Accusateur Public*, couched in civil terms, requesting to see him at his lodgings early the next day, on business of importance. The language of the message, and, above all, his consciousness of having done nothing which could bring him under the lash of the formidable Criminal Tribunal, were sufficient to tranquillise him upon his own account; but it was possible that he might be questioned as to those plans of which he had at least a superficial knowledge, although he had refused to participate in them; and in that case he might find it difficult to free himself from suspicion, without involving those who had, at different times, placed confidence in him, in a most perilous position. It was, therefore, with mingled feelings of anxiety and curiosity that he found himself the next day in the presence of the man

* In point of fact, the Criminal Tribunal was established in February, 1792, when Robespierre entered upon his functions as *Accusateur Public*.

who, a few months later, was to exercise so powerful an influence over the destinies of France. Arundel did not know him, even by sight; and he had heard so many contradictory opinions respecting his talents and his character, that he was not sorry to have an opportunity of forming a judgment of him, however slight, by a personal interview. Previous to the death of Mirabeau, Robespierre had not sought to take a prominent part in the discussions of the Assembly, although he had spoken once or twice; and it is said, that that great orator had prophesied that the young deputy for Arras would, sooner or later, emerge from the obscurity to which he seemed then condemned. When Mirabeau's death gave a larger field of display to those who had hitherto modestly kept in the back ground, Robespierre more frequently appeared at the tribune, and gradually rose from the subordinate part he had hitherto played, to be one of the most influential orators of the Assembly. His style of speaking, which at first was cold and confused, had, by dint of diligent study and constant practice, greatly improved; and although he seldom, if ever, reached the higher flights of eloquence, his speeches never failed in making considerable impression. This at the Jacobins,

where he was all powerful, is not to be wondered at; but in the National Assembly, where he was almost constantly in a minority, it is a proof that he was possessed of talents rising far above mediocrity. By the Royalists, as by the Girondins, he was accused of every sort of crime, and held up to public odium as a sanguinary monster, only inferior to Marat in his thirst for blood. The former had more than once endeavoured to buy him; and finding their attempts ineffectual, sought, by every means in their power, to ruin in public estimation, him whom they could not corrupt. The latter were still more implacable, if possible. Robespierre, at this time, was sincerely attached to the form of government established by the Constitution, viz. — a limited monarchy; and he had exerted himself to the utmost, and with success, to defeat the wild scheme of a Federative Republic, when proposed by the party of the Girondes.

With the people he was almost an object of idolatry; and at a time when public men were daily bought and sold, like cattle at a fair, his known integrity, which even his worst enemies have never ventured to dispute, and the unswerving consistency of his principles, obtained for him the name of the *Incorruptible*, a title of

which any man might justly be proud. To sum up all in one word, his enemies pronounced him to be a demon, his friends an angel. Who shall decide what he really was?*

* I have no hesitation in saying, that, of all the extraordinary characters of that extraordinary time, Robespierre's is the most difficult to decypher; the more so, as it is almost impossible fairly to judge of events which took place under influences and feelings to which we are, happily, strangers. At that time, every political quarrel was a mortal combat, in which the weakest and least skilful fell a victim to the security of the conqueror. I do not believe Robespierre to have been sanguinary by nature. The man who could speak as he did on the motion for the abolition of the punishment of death, could not have delighted in blood;—and his speech in favour of the religious orders proves that he was no friend to persecution. But the nature of the struggle in which he bore so prominent a part, and the continual attacks of which he was the object, acting upon an irritable and morose temperament, induced him to have recourse to measures, from which, in the earlier part of his career, he would probably have shrunk with horror. While, however, on the one hand, I express my conviction that blood was never wantonly shed by his order, I must allow that, when struggling for power—and, be it remembered, the loss of power involved the loss of life itself—he sacrificed the lives of hundreds, without scruple—probably without remorse—for the accomplishment of his object. Still, France owes him a vast debt of gratitude; for, in all human probability, he saved her from conquest and dismemberment. Whether that could have been effected by other and more humane measures, I will not undertake to decide.

The state was in the agonies of dissolution. The remedies employed were terrible—but they were successful; and if Robespierre, when the crisis was past, had had the courage to stand between his colleagues and their victims (as I really believe him to have had the wish) to him would have belonged the glory of consummating the work of the revolution, and healing the wounds it had inflicted. But what his enemies could not effect, his own weakness—his want of personal courage—accomplished. He fell; and France was again abandoned to years of tyranny and anarchy, till one arose, bolder and mightier than he.

CHAPTER X.

AT the time we are now speaking of, Robespierre's real character was a matter of mere conjecture to an impartial observer ; but although Arundel had learned experience enough, not to believe implicitly every thing he heard, still a very unfavourable impression remained upon his mind with regard to the person in whose presence he now stood. He saw before him a man, apparently about thirty-three years of age, of middle size, plain features, and what may be called a saturnine expression of countenance, which was considerably enhanced by a sort of nervous twitch of the muscles of the face, and the perpetual twinkling of his small grey eyes. His dress was scrupulously neat, his linen of the finest description, and his hair well powdered

and carefully arranged, which was the more remarkable, as the party of which he was professedly the head, had already begun to affect a disgusting cynicism in their personal appearance.

On Arundel's being announced, Robespierre begged him to be seated, and opened the conversation by saying that a denunciation had been forwarded to him, in his capacity of *Accusateur Public*, against an Englishman, of the name of Henry Arundel, actually domiciled at Paris, charging him with divers intrigues, tending to the subversion of the constitution.

"Now," continued he, "perhaps I ought to have issued a warrant against you at once ; but I was unwilling to act so harshly against a foreigner, belonging to a nation I esteem, and who, probably, is ignorant of our laws. I have, therefore, preferred sending for you here, to learn from your own lips what has been the nature of your relations with the court."

"I feel much indebted to you, sir," replied Arundel, "for your attention ; but I apprehend it was needless. The British ambassador would not have allowed such an arbitrary act to pass unnoticed."

"You forget, sir," said Robespierre, "you

are a naturalized French citizen, and have been employed as such in our embassy at St. Petersburg. Under these circumstances, I think it very doubtful whether the British ambassador would interfere ; but of this I am quite sure—if he did, it would be in vain. We consider you now, at least as long as you reside in France, as a Frenchman ; and as such we should treat you. —But come,” said he, seeing an angry cloud on Arundel’s brow, “you must see, by my present proceeding, I have no wish to deal harshly with you ; and for this, I will tell you fairly, I have two reasons : the one is, that I know the cause which induced you to give up your secretaryship, and which speaks powerfully in your favour ; and the other is, that I have no great confidence in the veracity of the man whose signature is at the bottom of the accusation. It is, however, my duty to take notice of it. You will refuse to answer entirely, or tell me as much as you please. If what you say seems to me satisfactory, the matter is at an end ; if not, of course I shall be obliged to take further steps, which I am desirous of avoiding.”

Arundel saw the justice of what he said, and, not exactly perceiving what benefit he should derive by refusing to answer, he said : “If I

knew of what I am accused, perhaps I should be able to satisfy you of my innocence ; though, even then, much, probably, would depend upon my simple assertions."

"Well, we will see. The principal charges against you are, that, on your journey from St. Petersburg to Paris, which took you more than a month to accomplish, you were employed in various negotiations for the court, with the princes of the different states through which you passed, and in particular, with the brothers of the King at Coblentz ; that you arrived in Paris on the morning of the 21st of June, and that, learning the flight of the King, you instantly quitted Paris to go no one knows where ; that you were absent ten days or a fortnight ; that, on your return, you went immediately to the Tuilleries, where you had a long and confidential conversation with the Queen ; and since that time you have been a frequent visitor at the palace. The report further goes on to state, that you have no visible means of subsistence, yet you live very expensively ; and the conclusion that your accuser draws from all this is, that you are employed by the royalists and aristocrats, to carry into effect their anti-revolutionary schemes. That is the accusation, and I shall be happy to hear whatever you have to say relative to it."

“My task,” replied Arundel, “will not be a very difficult one. This passport,” said he, taking one from his pocket, “is the one with which I travelled from St. Petersburg. You will see I did not go near the residence of any of the sovereigns through whose states I passed, and that I did not approach Coblenz by one hundred miles. I was a long time on my journey, it is true ; but I had no motive for hurrying. I had resigned my employment. I had had a very severe illness in Russia, and was anxious to visit those parts of the country which were best worth seeing. I arrived, as is correctly stated, on the morning of the 21st June. I remained forty-eight hours in Paris, and then went to the neighbourhood of Pau, on business of a strictly personal nature. As I had a passport from the regular authorities, and which I now produce, your informant could easily have satisfied himself that there was no mystery in it whatsoever. On my return to Paris, I learnt that the royal family were at the Tuilleries, and as I owed my situation at St. Petersburg to the personal favour of the Queen, I lost no time in proving to her that her misfortunes had not obliterated from my memory the recollection of her former kindness. I did certainly talk to her alone for about

half an hour on that night ; but it was in the apartment in which the court was assembled, and, if I remember right, the conversation almost entirely rolled upon my situation and future views. Since that, I have occasionally gone there from the same motives ; but I have not since been honoured with any private conversation with any member of the royal family. With regard to my means of subsistence, I shall not condescend to say anything further than that I have a patrimony of my own."

"Well, sir," said Robespierre, "the documents you have shown me, and which disprove completely the most serious parts of the accusation, will be a sufficient warrant for my believing the remainder of your exculpation on your word. I have much pleasure in assuring you, that you may consider this business as settled ; though, as a matter of form, I must beg you to give me your word of honour, not to leave Paris for a month, in case any fresh evidence should be produced. At the expiration of that time, you may consider yourself perfectly free ; but I advise you, for your own sake, to be cautious."

Arundel readily gave the promise required, and was about to retire, when he suddenly stop-

ped and said, "But may I not, now that you express yourself satisfied, enquire, in my turn, the name of my accuser?"

"Why, that is not a very reasonable request; but it so happens that I can grant it; for, making sure that you would be imprisoned, he desired you might be informed of it; and, as he seems to have a great animosity against you, there will be no harm in putting you on your guard against him. His name is Chauchat."

"I never heard the name before," said Arundel, after a moment's thought; "he must mistake me for some one else."

"No, he does not. He is the man you nearly killed at Versailles."

"Good God!" exclaimed Arundel, "and was it upon the testimony of such a villain, whom I knocked down in the act of murdering an innocent and defenceless woman, that you would have sent me to prison?"

"He has never been convicted of any crime, that I know of," replied the *Accusateur Public*; "therefore his evidence is admissible, though I before told you I did not attach much credit to it—and, in point of fact," added he, with something that was intended for a smile, "I could

not refuse it, for he is a good and zealous patriot, and a great friend of a friend of mine."

Arundel had sufficient command over himself to repress the exclamation of disgust which was on the point of bursting from his lips; and, taking a civil leave of the friend of the friend of Monsieur Chauchat, retired, internally praying that he might never find himself in such society again. This prayer, however, was not destined to be granted.

Amongst the other duties which his naturalization had entailed on him, was that of belonging to the National Guard, which, in those days of frequent disturbance, was no sinecure; and often, as he kept his weary watch in some unfrequented part of the city, was he almost tempted to regret that he had not accepted Lafayette's offer to make him his aide-de-camp, which, at all events, would have relieved him from the disagreeable task of mounting guard. It was at this period that the people of Paris, exasperated at the union which appeared to exist between the court and the majority of the National Assembly, and of which they every day perceived the bad effects, by fresh laws introduced to restrain their liberty, determined upon acting on the offensive before they were completely fettered,

and, in conjunction with the clubs of the Jacobins and Cordeliers, agreed to sign and present a petition to the Assembly, calling on them at once to declare that Louis had forfeited the throne. The National Assembly, seeing in this proceeding a positive and open infringement of one of their recent decrees, were resolved to prevent the meeting taking place ; and, accordingly, Bailly and Lafayette were ordered to take every necessary step for dispersing any extraordinary assemblage of persons. The National Guard, and amongst them the battalion in which Arundel was enrolled, were ordered out, and marched down to the Champ de Mars, where the people were assembled in great numbers, but all of them unarmed. The red flag was displayed at the Hotel de Ville, martial law was proclaimed, and the crowd, before they had time to separate, were charged by the cavalry of the National Guard. The scene of horror and confusion that ensued was dreadful. Several of the populace were cut down, and many more wounded, without an attempt at resistance ; and Arundel felt thankful, as he saw the poor wretches foiled in their attempts at escape, pursued and sabred in every direction over the plain by the furious horsemen, that the infantry had not been called into

action. The orders of the National Assembly received their full execution, and a vote of thanks was passed, almost unanimously, to Bailly and Lafayette, for their conduct in this memorable affair; but it was the death-blow to their already waning popularity, which the former at least was destined, at a later period, cruelly to expiate.

After his battalion was disbanded, as Arundel was returning slowly to his lodgings, musing on the scene which he had witnessed, and weighing, perhaps, in his own mind, how far a soldier would be justified in disobeying his officer, if ordered to act against his unarmed fellow-countrymen, he thought he heard cries for assistance at no great distance from him. He listened for a moment, and on their being repeated, ran in the direction from whence they appeared to come, and, turning round a corner, he perceived, at a few paces distance, a man lying on the ground, groaning with pain, while two others, armed with heavy sticks, stood over him and belaboured him most unmercifully. As Arundel made his approach, they seemed undecided how to act; but at length one of them came towards him, while the other remained as sentry over their victim. As soon as the first one came up to Arundel, he said, "This is a

private quarrel, sir, which does not concern you ; therefore pass your way without interfering, or will have reason to repent it ;"—and as he spoke he attempted to lay hold of the musket which Arundel held in his hand ; but the latter, without saying a word, tripped him up, and hastened forward to the place where his companion stood over the fallen man, who continued groaning heavily from time to time, without attempting to move.

The remaining assassin, at first, seemed disposed to attack Arundel ; but the voices of men approaching from the end of the street, induced him to change his resolution, and he ran off as fast as his legs could carry him, closely followed by his companion, who, by this time, had recovered his feet. Although it was not absolutely dark, yet the evening was closing in fast, and there was not sufficient light for Arundel to distinguish the features of the man to whose assistance he had so opportunely arrived, who continued lying on his face, without making any attempt to rise, and seemingly insensible to the various questions with which his deliverer assailed him. In a few moments the party, whose approach had disturbed the ruffians, came up, and to them Arundel applied for assistance ; but

at first sight it seemed as if he had only fallen from one embarrassment into another still greater; for as soon as they perceived him in the uniform of a National Guard, they vented a thousand imprecations upon him, as having been implicated in the massacre of their fellow-citizens that day in the Champ de Mars, and were about to follow up their speech with acts of violence, when Arundel, with some difficulty, obtained a hearing, and represented to them, that at all events the infantry had not been in the least concerned in the unfortunate occurrences of the day, which he deplored as much as they could do; and perceiving that they were not much disposed to acknowledge the force of his arguments, or believe in his protestations, he entreated them at least to assist him in succouring the wounded man whom he had been so fortunate as to save from the hands of two ruffians, before they continued the discussion which regarded him personally.

“Parbleu,” said one who seemed to exercise some authority over the rest, “he says well; take care though that he does not give us the slip, and in the meantime let us see whom we have got here;” and so saying he lifted up the wounded man from the ground, but had nearly let him fall

again, when he caught a glimpse of his features. "*Nom d'un nom,*" cried he, "it is Robespierre, our little Maximilian, our best friend, whom they have half killed—or rather," said he, turning to Arundel, "probably it is you who have done this; you may be an aristocrat for what I know. At all events, your dress shows you are a minion of Mottie's,* which is as bad, if not worse: explain this matter, and that shortly, or the next lamp-post will—" and he pointed to his throat with a gesture which it was impossible to mistake. An applauding growl from his companions spoke their approbation of his decision.

Arundel's position was anything but pleasant; but while he was revolving in his own mind how he could best succeed in exculpating himself, Robespierre himself spared him all further trouble, by testifying in his favour. Those by whom he had been assailed, had most likely intended to have killed him; but they had only had time to give him a very severe thrashing before they were interrupted, and their victim was more frightened than seriously hurt. He had very wisely held his tongue as long as he was uncertain into whose hands he had fallen; but when their unequivocal expressions

* The family name of the Marquis de Lafayette.

of sympathy proved to him that he had nothing to fear from them, he lost no time in coming to the assistance of his defender.

“Harm him not,” he said, “but for him I should not be alive at this moment. I was returning quietly home when two assassins darted upon me from that *porte-cochere*; and having knocked me down, overwhelmed me with blows, when Providence sent this gallant young man to my protection. I firmly believe I owe my life to him, and he may depend upon my everlasting gratitude.”

“And upon ours,” shouted those who but a moment before had been so anxious to transfer him to a more exalted situation than he desired.

“And now, my friends, you must take care of me home,” continued Robespierre; “I am yet able to walk with the assistance of my young friend here,” said Robespierre, taking hold of Arundel’s arm, who did not much admire the proceeding, but saw he had nothing for it but to submit with a good grace; and thus escorted, and greeted on all sides by cries of “Long live Robespierre the incorruptible, and his liberator,” they reached the Rue St. Honoré. It was only at the door of his own house that Robespierre recognized his companion.

“ Ah !” said he, “ is it you ?—forgive me for not having remarked it before. This is another proof of the truth of the old proverb, that a good turn is never lost. If I had sent you to prison the other day, they would have had to choose another *accusateur public*; but come up to my apartment, and explain the events of this day, at which you were probably present.”

This invitation, however, Arundel declined, under the plea of fatigue; but he was obliged to promise that he would call the next day. He determined to take advantage of this interview, in order, if possible, to be freed from the promise he had given, not to leave Paris for a month, of which three weeks were yet unexpired. He had hitherto paid little attention to the earnest and often repeated entreaties of his sister, to return to England, if it were only for a few weeks. He felt tied to France, as if by some invisible spell, and could not bear the thought of leaving it, though but for a day; it was a feeling he shrunk from analyzing; but from whatever source it sprung, it was all-powerful. The events, however, of which he had lately been a witness, and in which he had so narrowly escaped being an unwilling actor, had given him a sensation of discouragement,

almost amounting to despair, as to what would be the result of the revolution—a feeling to which men, who are prominent actors, or who take a lively interest in public affairs, are peculiarly liable when they see the noblest causes and the best conceived plans desecrated and marred by the selfishness and stupidity of those to whom their execution is intrusted. His heart sickened as he thought of the bloody scene of the Champ de Mars; and he was anxious to prevent the possibility of his being in any way involved in any future occurrence of the sort; and judging by the exasperation of the people, and the sanguinary spirit shown by the National Guard, it was more than probable that such events would be of frequent occurrence. At times, too, his heart yearned to the home of his childhood—to his sister and her husband, who, for so many years, had sufficed for his happiness. The affectionate companions of his youth yet retained their love for him; and though all his hopes of happiness had fled for ever, he might yet find tranquillity of mind in that domestic circle of friends which still remained to him. Yes, he would go and see them once more; he would tear from his heart the weakness which yet clung fondly about it, but which

his reason and his pride alike told him had no right to find a place there. He would return to England, and abide there till he could again enter the service of his adopted country, without the risk of being called upon to draw his sword in civil broils. In this frame of mind he again found himself in Robespierre's presence, who made not the least difficulty in granting his request ; but such is the strange construction of the human heart, no sooner had Arundel obtained what he had striven to persuade himself was his dearest wish, than he felt discontented at its having been so readily granted to him. He knew he would be both better and happier at a distance from scenes which were perpetually bringing to his mind recollections that only served to fill his soul with anguish and misery ; and yet, with this conviction pressing upon him, it required all his fortitude to tear himself away. Such were the thoughts that took possession of his mind, and made him an inattentive auditor to the long and laboured explanation which Robespierre was giving him of his own political conduct, past, present, and to come. Arundel, however, heard enough to convince him that the speaker was far better informed with regard to public feeling, than any body

with whom he had conversed of late ; while he could not but acknowledge that the views he took of the intrigues of the different parties were just and clear. He thought, too, that he could perceive, from words which occasionally escaped from him, that he entertained projects of a far more comprehensive and startling nature than had yet been avowed in public ; and the pertinacity and consistency with which he appeared to pursue them, might enable him to succeed.

The conversation, which was beginning to be highly interesting, was interrupted by the entrance of a person whom Arundel had never seen before, but whom he at once set down for one of the most disagreeable personages he had ever set eyes on. His person was slight, not exceeding five feet in height, and was surmounted by an enormous head. His features were hideous, and though bearing the appearance of youth, showed the traces of premature disease and unbridled debauchery. His dress was dirty, and seemed put on with studied slovenliness. This individual came in unannounced, and asked after Robespierre's health with an air of the greatest interest. He inquired if he had recognized either of the men by whom he had been assailed, and being answered in the

negative, he said, "That is a pity: but there can be no doubt that they are some friends of the Austrian—some knights of the poniard. I should have liked, though, to have known their names, that I might have denounced them in the *Ami du peuple*."

"It is better as it is," replied Robespierre. "I have no wish to have blood shed on my account."

"On your account! No, but for the sake of the people; for, in attacking the friend of the people, they attacked the people themselves. But I tell you fairly, as I have often said before, your ill-judged pity, or rather your weakness, will be your ruin sooner or later. France will never be quiet or happy as long as her soil is polluted by a single aristocrat. I ask daily for three hundred thousand heads; and, till they fall, we shall have nothing but treason against the nation. Witness the massacre of yesterday."

"Nonsense! Marat," replied Robespierre; "such a wholesale butchery would render us, and very justly too, objects of horror to the whole world."

"That it would make us objects of terror to all the tyrants and aristocrats in the world, I believe, and should rejoice in. But you will

never be a great man, Robespierre : you are too mild. Give me Danton ! He will stick at nothing to secure the rights and liberties of the people. His watchword is ‘audacity ;’ and it is with that that revolutions are made. You are timid—you temporise—you affect the manners and dress of the enemies of the nation, and nothing but your known integrity and well-tried patriotism could shield you from suspicion. But I warn you. You are playing a dangerous game. Your enemies insinuate that you are in the pay of the court, and you give them fair ground to build their calumnies on, when you are closeted with coxcombs wearing such foppery as this,”—and with insolent familiarity he attempted to take hold of the laced frill of Arundel’s shirt ; but in this attempt he did not succeed. Arundel, who, from the first moment, had considered him with a degree of disgust, which was increased to abhorrence when he discovered who he was, and heard the doctrines he was seeking to inculcate, pushed him roughly back, and told him to reserve such impertinence for his equals, but not to presume to attempt it on him.

“ My equals, young man ! ” shouted, or rather screamed out Marat ; “ and pray who is my superior ? I should like to know in what you consider yourself better than me ? ”

“In every thing,” exclaimed Arundel, too much excited to measure his words, “or I should indeed feel degraded. To judge by your writings, your intellectual faculties must be of the lowest order; and to judge by your actions, your boasted patriotism consists in endeavouring to reduce your fellow creatures to the condition of savages. You excite them to crime, and take refuge in a cellar when the day of action arrives, to avoid all chance of danger to yourself. If I can boast of nothing else, I can at least say I have served France to the best of my abilities, in the different positions in which I have found myself placed; and, at all events, I have never shrunk from any thing which seemed to involve personal risk. My character as a man of honour is untouched. You are considered by the majority of the world as a cold-blooded, ferocious monster, whose sanguinary propensities are only restrained in part by your cowardice; and even your best friends—if such a man can have friends—can only find an excuse for your atrocious ravings by attributing them to the disordered imagination of a madman. These are the reasons which make me think myself immeasurably your superior.”

Marat seemed, at first, perfectly stupified by this attack upon him, and still more so by the

calm and composed manner in which it was delivered ; but soon recovering from his astonishment, he gave vent to his anger in the most violent language ; and not content with threatening Arundel with the effects of his wrath, he included Robespierre in his menaces.

Up to this moment that individual had taken no part in the dispute, which had appeared rather to amuse him than otherwise : and perhaps he was not displeased with Arundel for having so severely chastised one who had presumed to take him to task ; but when Marat ventured to say, in his passion, that he would denounce him that evening to the Jacobins as encouraging what he termed the factious insolence of an aristocrat, he felt it high time to interfere, and put an end to an altercation which might end by sowing dissensions between him and his adherents.

“ Come, Marat,” said he, “ this is nonsense ; you know any attempt to injure my character could only turn against him who made it. What business had you to meddle with a person you know nothing about ? Your officiousness deserved a rebuke, and if you think it a severe one, it is what you are too well used to to care much for ; and let me advise you, Mr. Arundel,

not to employ such offensive expressions to a man whose character you do not understand. We all know that at times *l'ami du peuple* uses exaggerations which are not to be approved of or defended; but his heart runs away with his head, and what appears to you to be suggestions of bloodshed and murder are only to be regarded as extravagant demonstrations of zeal for an injured and too often betrayed people. Dogs that bark the loudest are not the most dangerous. You will find my friend here is not the sanguinary monster you imagine."

Arundel saw that he was expected to say something; but unable to retract the opinion he had already expressed, and at the same time unwilling to irritate a man who appeared to be animated by friendly feelings towards him, and whose influence was even at that time so powerful, he merely observed, that if hereafter he should see occasion to change his opinion with respect to Monsieur Marat, he would have no hesitation in avowing it. Marat was beginning again to bluster, but Robespierre stopped him short by saying, in a very decided tone—

"You are certainly not aware that it is to this gentleman I am indebted for my escape from my assassins last night; and I will say, once for all,

I shall consider any body who seeks to injure him, in any way, as my personal enemy, and shall treat him accordingly."

"Aye, and so will we all," cried out a stentorian voice from the other end of the room, which three new comers had just entered unperceived.

The one who had just spoken, and who was a little in advance of the other two, was of large stature, and with limbs of herculean make; his countenance was frank and open, while an air of intrepidity and daring seemed to point him out as a fitting leader for a turbulent populace. The two others had nothing about their appearance to distinguish them from the common herd of mankind.

"Aye, that we will all. The saviour of our little Maximilian shall never want a friend, at least as long as Danton lives!" And so saying, he seized the hand of our hero, and grasped it with a violence that made every joint in it crack.

As soon as he released it, the other two thought it necessary to follow their leader's example, although, fortunately, they were not able to do it with the twenty-horse power which he had used.

Arundel's situation, at finding himself thus surrounded by men whom he had ever considered as a band of desperate ruffians, and being over-

whelmed by them with professions of friendship and devotion, was not calculated exactly to please his fastidious mind; but it struck him as having something so ludicrous in it, and, at the same time, the scene was so extraordinary and so interesting, that he determined to see it out, more particularly as after the first greeting, his presence seemed to be hardly noticed. In the meantime, Danton advanced to Robespierre, and embraced him.

“I only heard this morning,” said he, “of your fortunate escape, and lost no time in coming to learn all about it from your own lips; and Panis and Hébert, whom I met on the way, have accompanied me.”

The two worthies alluded to came forward and offered their congratulations likewise, which Robespierre received rather with the air of a sovereign on the throne than as a private individual receiving the visits of his friends. He then proceeded to give them a detailed account of his misadventure, and seemed to dwell with peculiar complacency on the part Arundel had taken in his rescue; “and now,” said he, “you are just come in time to pacify Marat, who has been threatening my young friend and myself with his denunciations.”

“What, Marat, are you there?” cried Danton; “I declare I had quite overlooked your diminutive carcass; but what is the matter, man?—you look more yellow and bilious than usual.”

“Oh!” exclaimed Robespierre, “there is not much the matter; he wanted to lay those dirty hands of his on Mr. Arundel’s cravat, and he met with a repulse and a lecture, which he did not expect from one in my house.”

“Is that all?” said Danton; “it served him right. Pah!” continued he, seizing Marat’s unwilling hand in his gigantic fist; “what a filthy hand it is!—why don’t you wash them at least once a week?”

Marat saw it would not do to be angry where every body was inclined to take part with his adversary, and he thought it wisest to turn it off with a jest—but it was a jest of his own.

“Never mind the dirt,” said he; “it is the hand of a good patriot; but if my hands must be washed, it shall not be with water. The ink of the *ami du peuple* can only be washed out by a bath of aristocratic blood, and I hope I shall not have long to wait for it.”

Robespierre shrugged his shoulders at this speech. Panis and Hébert laughed, and Danton said:—

“By God, if it is to be of your own shedding you will have to wait long enough. You are an admirable trumpeter to sound the onset, but when you have done that, you get to the rear as fast as you can. But come, never mind what I say, man,” seeing Marat’s brow look blacker than ever. “I wish you would leave your heroics, and confine yourself to common sense. All this vapouring and threatening does us more harm than good; three hundred thousand heads falling on the scaffold is a very pretty poetical idea, but nothing more; and if you wish to see it realised you must hit hard, and not waste your time in talking. And it was principally to consider what we are to do, and how we can take advantage of the events of yesterday, which, properly managed, will turn entirely to our account, that I——”

“Stop, gentlemen,” cried Arundel; “you seem to forget that you are about to deliberate in the presence of a total stranger, and one who has no wish to be initiated into your schemes and plans.”

“By Heavens, that is true,” said Danton; “but I concluded, naturally enough, that you were one of us.”

“No, I am not; and therefore I will, with your permission, take my leave. In two days I

believe I shall be on my road to London; how long I shall stay there will depend upon circumstances; but I shall ever feel grateful for the consideration with which you have treated me."

This was said to Robespierre, who had followed him into the antichamber.

"Farewell, then, Mr. Arundel. I believe you are doing the wisest thing you can, for I am afraid you have made an irreconcilable enemy of Marat, and he is a very popular man. He is an excellent patriot, and a great friend of mine; but if he has a fault, it is, perhaps, that he carries the feeling of revenge to a blameable excess; we will, however, see what we can do to soften him during your absence."

"I beg, sir," replied Arundel, "you will take no trouble about it. I despise him and his enmity too much to give myself another thought about either of them."

"Well," rejoined Robespierre, "we will say no more upon that subject, although I assure you they are neither of them to be despised; but whatever happens, depend upon my gratitude and desire to serve you to the utmost of my ability. I will take care you receive your passports for England, in proper form, this evening." And so saying, he returned to his more congenial associates.

“He will betray us,” were the first words Marat uttered as he entered the room.

“Pooh, nonsense, not he,” cried Danton; “and if he were so disposed, pray what has he to betray?”

“I do not know; I cannot exactly remember what was said in his presence,” replied Marat; “but there can be no doubt he has heard enough to send us all to the scaffold;” and he turned livid at the mere thought.

“Ah, bah! if you are afraid, go to your cellar,” was the contemptuous answer.

“I am no more afraid than you are,” said *l’ami du peuple*, as he delighted to be called; “but I am more compromised than any of you. Do you think there is one amongst you whose head would fetch so good a price at the Tuilleries as mine?”

“My good Marat, you are tormenting yourself very needlessly,” interrupted Robespierre; “Arundel will not betray you, because, in the first place, as Danton says, he has nothing to betray; and in the next place, because I know of a string which would make the puppet jump which way I please.”

“Oh, indeed! what is it?” exclaimed Danton and Marat together.

“The gentleman is in love,” said the Accusateur Public, quietly; “and if I chose I could to-morrow have the lady and her father before my tribunal.”

“In love, is he?” said Danton; “well I like him the better for it; I wish I could fall in love again—but those days are gone by.”

“To be sure they are,” said Marat; “who ever dreams of falling in love when they have any thing else to do? Wait a little, and we shall find as much ready made love as we require. Fair suppliants for the lives of a husband, a brother, or a lover, are not likely to be very difficult. God! how I should like to have all my three hundred thousand aristocrats in prison under my lock and key! What levees I would hold every morning! Can you fancy, Danton, a beautiful Duchess, proud as Lucifer, kneeling at one’s feet, all in tears, imploring one to take compassion on her misery, upon one’s own terms. I hardly know which would be most delightful, to take her at her word, or to spurn her from one with one’s foot. Does not the bare idea make your mouth water? Do you not pant after those days of future power and happiness?”

“I should like to see those days come, well enough,” replied Danton; “but not to make the

use of them it seems you would do. I have no wish to have women at my feet, although I have often enough been at theirs; and as for seeing their tears, I hate it, for it always makes me ready to cry myself. Thank God I never ill-used a woman voluntarily in my life."

"Oh, if you are going to be sentimental," interrupted Marat, "I have done; but you have not told us the name of the Englishman's belle, Robespierre."

"Nor do I mean," said the person last addressed; "that is my secret, and I intend to keep it so; but let us to business—we have wasted too much time already."

CHAPTER XI.

THE discussion that ensued was long and important; but as it has nothing to do with our tale, it would be useless to give account of it.

Arundel's preparations for his departure were soon made; but before he left the French capital he found that he had acquired rather an unenviable degree of notoriety. The attempt on Robespierre, and the assistance Arundel had given him, were among the principal topics of conversation; and every print-shop exhibited what was intended to be his likeness—a fact which, fortunately for the public, was intimated by his name being printed at the bottom of the portraits; though with the usual ingenious perversion of proper names, which is still so peculiar to the French nation, it had been rendered into Monsieur

Aaron d'Elle. Luckily for him, his person was comparatively speaking unknown, and he was thus able to transact his business unnoticed, or he would probably have had to undergo the honours of an oration, prepared by popular gratitude, wherever he made his appearance. Such, however, were not the feelings excited by his exploit at the Tuilleries, whither he went to take leave on the night previous to his departure. The Royal family scarcely spoke to him, and the behaviour of those who surrounded them was marked by coldness almost amounting to rudeness. The only one exception was the Comte de Beauvoisin, who happened to be there ; and even he, as he wished him a pleasant journey, could not help whispering in his ear that it was a pity he had interfered to preserve a patient for the hands of the public executioner. Arundel replied, loud enough to be heard by all present, that he should never hesitate to interfere whenever he saw an assassination attempted; and that he should have done so, had it been for the greatest ruffian in France ; and having said this, he retired, without waiting to hear the numerous commentaries which were poured out upon so extraordinary a declaration. As he went slowly home, he could not help asking himself what he

had gained by his sojourn in France, and the answer was any thing but satisfactory.

“At all events,” thought he to himself, “I have seen in two years more of the world than I could have done under other circumstances in twenty; and whatever career I enter upon, I shall bring to it some experience, and a tolerable knowledge of mankind, which I must endeavour to profit by better in future than I have done hitherto.”

Having taken leave of all his friends, and discharged his servant—whom his means, now reduced to his original slender income, would no longer allow him to keep, although the poor fellow, who had become very much attached to him, entreated, with tears in his eyes, to be allowed to serve him for nothing—he reached London on the fourth day from his quitting Paris.

His first care was to call on his eccentric friend Serjeant Owen, from whom he had received occasional letters during his residence abroad. He found him, as he left him, laid up with a fit of the gout, but no longer struggling and fighting against it. Arundel was a good deal shocked at seeing the difference which two years had made in his appearance and constitution; he was evidently breaking fast, and his

days seemed almost numbered ; but a gleam of pleasure lighted up his countenance when Arundel entered his room.

“ Well, my dear boy,” cried he, “ I am glad to see you once more ; I was almost afraid I should make my exit before you returned, for I feel it is all up with me—I cannot last much longer.”

“ Oh ! I hope you are deceiving yourself, and that we shall yet have many pleasant days together.”

“ No, no,” said the serjeant ; “ you know just as well as I do, that is out of the question ; I know my condition, and am not afraid to die. I have not done much harm—at least not intentionally—and I have endeavoured to do what little good lay in my power, so I hope there is not a very heavy reckoning against me. But come, it is not fair to bore you with my grievances ; you shall eat your dinner by my bed-side, and tell me all you have been doing, and how matters are going on over the water ; you will not grudge me an evening, I know.”

Arundel assured him he should be most happy to pass it with him, if he was not afraid of being tired.

“ Oh, no ; on the contrary, it will do me good.

I have seen nobody for the last two months, except my brother, who, by-the-bye, asked very kindly after you, and then we almost quarrelled about the Thirty-nine Articles. But how are you getting on? I never hear your name mentioned but with praise, and that makes me as happy as if you were my own son; and, indeed, I consider you as partly my creation, for I was the person who suggested your going over to France. So now draw your chair near my bed, and begin at the beginning, for your letters are not very communicative."

Arundel did all he was told, and suppressing all the history of Mademoiselle de Romainville, gave him in other respects a very faithful account of his life for the last two years; when he had concluded, the serjeant said,

"Well, my poor boy, and so you come back as rich as you went?—but do not let that discourage you; you are young, and have tried your wings gallantly. You are now fitted for any flight you may choose to take, and my word for it you will succeed. Nor must you allow your zeal to be chilled by the selfishness of those with whom you may be called upon to act, though I am not surprised at the disgust with which it has inspired you. It seems to be the vice appropriate to this age; though perhaps if we were acquainted

with the private history and secret motives of the public men of other times, we should discover that they were equally tainted with it. You have witnessed on a greater scale and a larger scene, what I have experienced on a more confined one; and the result to me has been, that I have for some time past withdrawn from every thing like public life, for I felt I was too old, and had not either temper or patience to struggle against the annoyances inseparable from it. Besides, I could never hope to attain any but very subordinate situations. But your position is very different. You are beginning life, with every advantage that birth and merit, which has already been shown and distinguished in the political world, can give, and in you it is a positive duty to come forward whenever the occasion presents itself. I confess, however, I should like to see you transfer your abilities to the service of your own country. The circumstances which made it advisable for you to go abroad two years ago no longer exist; your misfortune at Cambridge is forgotten, and I know for a fact that our ambassador at St. Petersburg expressed himself with the warmest and most unqualified approbation of the manner in which you filled the situation of *chargé d'affaires* there, and strongly recommended our govern-

ment to make you such offers as should induce you to accept an appointment at home."

"I heard as much, my dear sir," replied Arundel; "but do you also know the answer that was given? He was told that my principles were too revolutionary to allow of my name even being mentioned to the King, unless I was prepared to give such a pledge as would satisfy the minister that I had seen reason to change them in toto. No, I am afraid at home I shall never find employment; and to tell you the truth, I cannot give up the idea that I shall yet be able to take a part in the public affairs of my new country. I have retired from it, not in anger but in sorrow: not disgusted with the revolution, but indignant at the follies and crimes of those who are the principal actors in it. This, however, cannot last much longer. The constitution will soon be completed, and then the King, if he accepts it, will regain his liberty, and if he acts fairly, will be the most powerful monarch in Europe, and holding the most enviable situation; for the great mass of the French nation only desire a constitutional monarchy, and still entertain an affection for their King, notwithstanding the many grounds of complaint they have had

against him. But if he again deceives them, I think he stands a very fair chance of losing his crown, and I confess I think he will richly deserve to do so. What would be the upshot of such an event no one can predict; but at all events, every honest and well intentioned man will have it in his power to be of use, and I shall certainly not be the last to attempt it. I cannot abjure my new connexion. I feel as if I were identified with the French people and the revolution. I love England as my mother, and France as my bride. I leave her for a time, because she does not want me. The instant she reclaims my services I return to her."

"Well, I see your determination is taken," said Owen, "and I will not try to shake it. I dare say you are better capable of judging than I am; but let us talk now of something else. I have, as you know, no relations except my brother, and he has neither chick nor child, and is in the possession of a larger income than he can spend. I can therefore dispose of what little I have as I like, without injury to any one. I have made you my heir, with the exception of a few trifling legacies, and an annuity to my old servant. Do not thank me," continued he, seeing Arundel about to speak; "I hate thanks, and

all that sort of thing, and I know just as well what you are going to say as if I had heard it ; you will make a good use of it, I know, and every public man ought to have an independence ; however honourable their conduct may be, the malice of the world will always see interested motives, and a grasping after place and emolument, in those whom it imagines to have nothing but the public money to look to for a subsistence."

Arundel did not attempt to express his gratitude in words ; but the silent pressure of the hand, and the tearful eye, showed how much he felt his friend's kindness. The evening soon passed away, and Arundel, when he took his leave, did it with a presentiment that it was for the last time. Having nothing to detain him in London, he hurried down to the North, and the affectionate greeting of Ellen and her husband for a moment made him forget all his cares and griefs, —but it was but for a moment. The calm and cheerful happiness of his sister, the boisterous gaiety of Hammond, who could not restrain the expression of his joy at having, as he termed it, all that was dear to him under the same roof, seemed to him almost so many insults offered to his feelings. But this did not last long. He felt the injustice and selfishness of his giving

way to such a temper of mind. He wrestled against the black and melancholy feelings which strove to take possession of his breast, and if he could not altogether dispel them, at least he obtained sufficient mastery over them, to assume a cheerful manner and open countenance. But that he was not happy, that his thoughts were eternally dwelling on some subject of disquietude, was every day evinced by a thousand acts of waywardness and caprice. On such occasions Ellen, who, with that intuitive perception which women alone possess, seemed to dive into his thoughts and fathom the deepest recesses of his heart, would strive to win him from his mood by every means that ingenious affection could suggest. One morning she found him gazing with earnest attention on the full-length portrait that had been made of him at St. Petersburg, and which occupied the post of honour in the drawing-room at Rosedale. She approached him unobserved, and putting her hand upon his arm, said, "It certainly is one of the best likenesses I ever saw." Her observation drew Arundel from his reverie.

"For *is* read *was*, Ellen. I was endeavouring to find out what connexion exists between the Henry Arundel from whom that was painted, and the one who is now looking at it,

and I can see none. In feature there may be some—of that I am no judge; but certainly, as far as regards the mind, there is not the slightest. I was then indeed happy; every thing seemed to succeed with me. My past was gilded by bright recollections; my present was employed in honourable and useful avocations, and my future appeared the more brilliant, perhaps, because it was the less clearly defined. Such was then my lot, and what is it now? On the very day on which I gave my last sitting for that picture, my fate was changed. My past recollections were obliterated by the certainty of actual misery, and my future completely annihilated, as far as hopes of happiness were concerned. Yes, on that very day on which perhaps the painter put the finishing stroke to that calm-looking countenance, and which will last longer than myself, I lost all that made life dear to me, and with it my reason; I remained, as you know, for some time a raving madman. I have recovered my senses and my health, and I thank God for it; but as for every thing else which makes existence worth having, it has departed from me, never to return. No, Ellen, never talk about its being like me; as well might you compare the fallen Satan to Lucifer the archangel.”

“My dearest Henry, if you knew how unhappy it makes me to see you give way to these desponding feelings, you would struggle against them, for my sake, if not for your own.”

“And do I not struggle?” cried he, fiercely. “Am I not often guilty of the most detestable hypocrisy, wearing smiling looks, and laughing and talking, when I feel as if every word I utter would choke me—as if my heart was breaking? Do I not listen to Sir John’s essays on domestic felicity with edifying patience, and submit to Charles’s still more intolerable hilarity without wincing? What more shall I do? Shall I dance—shall I sing? Or if, with all this, I am still a check on the happiness of your home, say the word, and I will depart. It matters but little where an outcast—a wretch, like me, awaits the moment of being recalled into action, in which he may hope to find a speedy and honourable death.”

Ellen could hardly speak for her tears.—“Henry, dearest Henry, what have I said that should make you speak so unkindly to me? Does not everything in this house and about it recall to your recollection how fondly, how devotedly I have loved you since the first hour I could pronounce your name; and why should you think me changed? Is it because I have

formed other ties? If so, you wrong me, and Charles, who loves you as dearly as I do. What you call his intolerable hilarity, is in great measure occasioned by his wish to wean you from the melancholy thoughts, which, every body must see, oppress you at times. It may be ill-judged on his part, but, believe me, the intention is good; and dear good Sir John, who has been to me as a father, he loves and admires you, too, so much; and not knowing what I know, he is so anxious to see you marry and settle in your own country—it is wrong in you to speak of him disrespectfully. Come,” said she, as she saw the effect her words produced, “confess you are very unjust to treat us all in this manner. Be a good boy, and promise never to do so again.”

“I am indeed unjust, Ellen,” replied her brother, mournfully; “but bear with me. My temper is so irritable, that at times I hardly know what I say or do. Love me, Ellen—always love me! I cannot exist without it. I feel the want of being loved. I did indeed once hope that I had found a person who could love me as I loved her; but it was a dream—the idle creation of my fancy, which has long since vanished; and if your affection were lost to me, I should lose the last tie that connects me with mankind. But

come, Ellen, the sun shines brightly. Let us walk out, and once more see all the favourite spots of our childish amusements."

Ellen complied; and the air and exercise gradually restored him to a healthier frame of mind. But still, his frequent fits of gloom and abstraction gave serious cause of uneasiness to his sister, and many and long were the conferences she held with her husband, in hopes of devising some means of conquering them. At length they came to the conclusion, that the only sure way of curing him would be to marry him to some sensible and amiable woman. Ellen had ascertained from her brother that everything was at an end between him and Mademoiselle de Romainville, and she therefore ventured to hope that she would not find much difficulty in effecting her object, which she was the more desirous of attaining, as she flattered herself that it would be the means of inducing him to remain in his own country, in the midst of his family and friends. It was therefore speedily discovered by Charles Hammond and herself, that, for the last few months, they had been indulging in a most culpable state of solitude, and had shewn great incivility to all their neighbours, by declining their invitations, and neglecting to return

their visits; and, accordingly, to repair this neglect, parties to dine, to drink tea, and occasionally to dance, followed each other in rapid succession. It so happened that in the neighbourhood of Rosedale there were several very pleasant families, with a fair sprinkling of pretty, well-educated daughters; but though Ellen, with praiseworthy assiduity, sung their praises separately and collectively, as they by turns appeared upon the stage, she saw, with something like despair, that her brother seemed perfectly invulnerable to all their charms, although he so far gratified her wishes as to lay aside his melancholy and taciturnity, in order to assist her in doing the honours of her house. In fact, though his heart remained untouched, the frequent coming into contact with elegant and accomplished women did him more good, and contributed more to restore his tranquillity, than perhaps he was willing to admit to himself. Nobody who has the means of shining in society at his command, will long remain in it without putting forth his powers of pleasing; and Arundel was no exception to the rule. Though young, he had seen much, and had reflected on what he had seen, and being naturally a good *conteur*, his conversation was instructive and amusing, while his address and manners

were remarkable for their polished elegance, even in those days when refinement and good breeding were considered as necessary parts of the character of a gentleman.

Thus passed away the winter, the only remarkable event being the death of Sergeant Owen, which Arundel had long been prepared for, and which grieved him without surprising him. By his will he found himself the possessor of a little more than £30,000., the fruits of the worthy sergeant's economies. The income of which he was now in possession was more than sufficient to enable him to gratify all his moderate wishes, and to place him in a situation befitting his birth. What made this legacy still more agreeable, was its being announced to him by Doctor Owen, in a letter replete with expressions of friendly interest, and of satisfaction that his brother had thus disposed of his property. But though Arundel found himself now in a state of comparative affluence, it was so far from having the effect of working any change in his ideas and intentions, that his ambition, which had for some time been, as it were, dormant, seemed to receive from it a fresh stimulus to exertion.

His friend, the Comte de Beauvoisin, had kept him perfectly informed of all that was

passing at Paris. The constitution had at length been definitely framed, and accepted by the King; and, upon the motion of Lafayette, a decree of amnesty for all political offenders had been adopted. The fury of party seemed to have subsided, and for a moment it appeared as if the crisis was over, and internal peace completely restored. The National Assembly, or, as it was sometimes called, the Constituent Assembly—that body which contained so much talent and patriotism, and to which France was so deeply indebted—had declared that its mission was accomplished, and was replaced by the Legislative Assembly, which seemed determined to walk in the steps of its predecessor.

But while the state of affairs seemed more promising as regarded the interior of the kingdom, every day it became more apparent that war with Austria was inevitable. The King's brothers and the emigrant nobility persisted in considering the King's adhesion to the constitution as involuntary, and the result of intimidation; and under this persuasion they never relaxed for a moment in their endeavours to induce the Emperor to declare war with the French nation, and by force of arms to restore the royal authority to its original omnipotence. In these designs

they were encouraged by the royalist faction which had remained in France, and in which were to be included the members of the royal family. The King himself, too timid and undecided to give his open or positive approbation to their plans, certainly did not attempt to discourage them ; while the courtiers professed not to entertain a doubt for a moment that the combined armies of Austria and Prussia would arrive at the gates of Paris without the slightest difficulty, and would only experience from the disorganised troops and raw levies which could be opposed to them, just resistance sufficient to enhance the glory of their triumph. Such were the views with which the royalists did all in their power to hurry on the war.

But there was another party, who at this time were at the zenith of their power, and were equally desirous of war, though from far different reasons. This was the party of the Gironde, containing men of the most brilliant talents and eloquence, and still enthusiastically attached to their plan of a Federative Republic. They had succeeded in forming a ministry from amongst their own adherents. The Municipality, the Electoral body, the National Guard, were devoted to them. In fact, their domination

seemed established on the firmest grounds, and they thought the moment propitious for carrying their plans into effect, for which purpose a war could not fail to be of the greatest utility, as it would enable them to create an army, and officer it with men devoted to their interests. They never for a moment doubted that the energy and patriotism of the nation, when called into action, would enable them to meet successfully all attempts at invasion on the part of a foreign enemy; and knowing pretty well the intrigues of the court, they felt that the moment of victory would be that of the downfall of the monarchy. Still, powerful as they were, they had to contend against an active and vigilant, though small party, who equally dreaded the schemes of the royalists and those of the Girondists. This was the Mountain, which certainly at that time had not been converted to republican doctrines, and who disputed every inch of ground with their adversaries, almost with equal talent, and certainly with superior pertinacity. They were opposed to the war for the very same reasons which induced the other two parties to wish for it, and attempted, but in vain, to ward it off. Such was the state of affairs during the latter months of the year 1791, and the early part of the following

year. Arundel had all along expressed his wish to be employed in case of hostilities actually taking place; and he had received, through de Beauvoisin, a promise from Lafayette to place him on his staff, as he did not doubt that he should be called upon to command part of the army. With this arrangement Arundel was very well pleased. Monsieur de Lafayette still preserved the reputation which he had acquired in America, of being a brave and skilful officer, and removed from the seat of politics and intrigues, no grounds of disagreement were likely to arise between them. At length arrived the news that war was declared, and with it a summons for Arundel to return to Paris with as little delay as possible. This was a severe blow to Ellen, who had known nothing of her brother's plans, and who, from seeing him become gradually more and more domesticated, had begun to indulge hopes that he had at last made up his mind to remain in England. Bitter were the tears she shed at parting with him; nor was it much less painful to Arundel, although his feelings amounted to rapture at the thoughts that he was going to exchange a life of morbid idleness and inactivity for one of exertion and daily excitement.

CHAPTER XII.

His preparations were soon completed; but though he strictly complied with his instructions to lose no time, he found, on his arrival at Paris, that Lafayette had already taken his departure for the frontiers, and that he himself was appointed one of his aides-de-camp, and ordered to follow him with all possible dispatch. This he did, only remaining forty-eight hours in Paris, by order of Monsieur de Grave, minister of war, to wait for some important dispatches to Lafayette. He arrived at that General's headquarters, at Givet, on the 29th of April, where the army was assembled, after having marched fifty-six leagues in as many hours—a march perhaps unparalleled in the annals of warfare.

It was late in the evening before he got there ; but having announced himself as the bearer of dispatches, he was desired to bring them himself. He found Lafayette surrounded by his staff, amongst whom was de Beauvoisin, and some others with whom he was slightly acquainted. By all was he most cordially received ; and Lafayette, after having asked him to stay for supper, retired into his cabinet to read his dispatches. Every detail, however unimportant, of what was passing at Paris, was greedily listened to by Arundel's new acquaintance ; and, although he assured them that he had passed but two days in that city, and consequently was quite unacquainted with anything in the shape of news, he was compelled to listen to questions innumerable, and answer them in the best way he was able. In about half an hour, supper and Lafayette made their appearance together, and it was easy to guess, from the discomposure and short answers of the General, that the perusal of his dispatches had been anything but satisfactory to him. No one, however, ventured to question him on their nature ; nor indeed was there any necessity for such a step, for, as soon as the servants had withdrawn, he opened himself his budget of grievances.

“Pray, Mr. Arundel,” said he, “while you were at Paris, did you contrive to make out who was minister of war?”

Arundel was a little surprised at the question, and answered, “Monsieur de Grave, sir.”

“Yes, yes, I know that—at least I see my dispatches are signed by him in that capacity; but I will venture to say that there is not a word in them that was not dictated to him by Dumourier. If he must direct the military operations, why does he not at once possess himself of de Grave’s place, instead of remaining at the head of the foreign department, where he is not responsible for all the mischief he is doing here?”

“Why, certainly,” exclaimed Louis de Narbonne, who had arrived that day with his division from Metz, “he does march and countermarch us about in a most curious manner.”

“Last week,” continued Lafayette, “I received orders to concentrate my troops at Givet, with a view to marching on Namur and Hui. Of course I obeyed; and here we are, after one of the most rapid and fatiguing marches an army was ever called upon to make. And now I am coolly told that I may retire to Dun. Certainly I should have hesitated in advancing far into the enemy’s coun-

try ; but I confess it is provoking to be compelled to obey men who do not know their own minds two minutes together."

"I thought," said Arundel, "that Dumourier had the reputation of being an able general."

"At all events," said de Beauvoisin, "he is of that opinion himself."

"I should think," replied Lafayette, "that one has only to consider the plan he laid down for this campaign, to enable any one to answer that question. I will not discuss whether the invasion of Belgium was a wise measure, or whether we ought to have contented ourselves with remaining strictly on the defensive; but when once the invasion was determined upon, the King's government seem to have done all in their power to render it unsuccessful. Our only chance was by concentrating all the troops upon the centre of the line, instead of scattering them from Dunkirk to Givet. The enemy are not in sufficient force upon our right to give us any uneasiness. We ought to have directed our whole means of attack against Mons and Tournai; and if we succeeded there, Brussels would inevitably have fallen, and nothing could have prevented our carrying our operations into the province of Luxemburg, and perhaps as far as the Rhine itself."

“Well, I confess, for my part,” said Latour Maubourg, “I think the first plan adopted by ministers the best—to have remained on the defensive, and to have formed three camps, at Maubeuge, at Valenciennes, and at Dunkirk. We should then have had time to fill our magazines and discipline the troops.”

“And why was not that plan carried into effect?” asked Arundel.

“Oh! Dumourier interfered,” replied Latour Maubourg; “and as he is all-powerful in the cabinet, he persuaded the other ministers to adopt his wild ideas. It seems he fancied, because the inhabitants of Brabant revolted in 1789, that they would do so again now, as soon as they saw our troops enter the country, and ready to support them; but as yet, certainly, we can see no signs of an insurrection in our favour.”

“No,” said Lafayette, “nor are we likely. The fact is, our worthy minister for foreign affairs is exceedingly anxious to add the war department to his other functions; and he calculated that if he could procure the adoption of a plan exclusively his own—and I presume he never doubted of its success—he would have the ball at his feet. Hitherto, however, it has not

quite answered his expectations, which I do not much wonder at. And now, gentlemen, I wish you good night. To-morrow I shall let you know what I have decided upon ; for my instructions are sufficiently vague, and not easy to reconcile with each other."

But next day the news of the scandalous affairs at Mons and Tournai arrived at Givet, accompanied by the melancholy intelligence of the murder of Theobald Dillon by his own soldiers. Two regiments of cavalry had fairly run away, after raising a cry of *sauve qui peut*, and denouncing their chiefs as having betrayed them. A total want of discipline and subordination seemed to prevail throughout the army ; and Lafayette, although as yet he had no reason to complain of his own troops, thought it prudent not to attempt anything of importance at such a moment, when he could hope for no support, and must be left entirely to his own resources. He determined, therefore, to remain with the bulk of his army at Givet, where he formed a camp in a position that was judged to be impregnable, throwing out detachments to occupy Rancennes and Bouvignes, in front of his position ; while in the mean time he applied himself with diligence to establish the

most exact order and discipline among the troops under his command.

This delay was also seized upon with avidity by Arundel, to make himself acquainted with the details of his new profession, and to acquire a knowledge of the duties he had to perform.

Fortunately, he had a most efficient and willing instructor in the person of the Comte de Beauvoisin, who was reckoned, and with reason, one of the most promising officers the revolution had produced. Living under the same roof, employed on the same service, and both ardently desirous of some opportunity of distinguishing themselves in the noble career they had embraced, the bonds of friendship were insensibly drawn closer together. De Beauvoisin had liked and esteemed Arundel from the first day of their acquaintance, and had spared no pains to gain his confidence; but the latter, reserved by nature, and seeing the Count apparently only occupied with the frivolities of a Parisian life, had for a length of time rather suffered than returned his advances. By degrees, however, he did justice to de Beauvoisin's numerous good qualities, which were obscured, not choked, by his seeming levity and thoughtlessness. The various and impor-

tant services he had received at the Count's hands, induced him to treat him with more openness and confidence, while the Count, delighted at this change in his friend's manner, and anxious to secure the continuance of it, omitted no opportunity of proving to Arundel that he was worthy of his friendship.

Thus passed away some weeks, the army being apparently condemned to remain during the rest of the season in idleness and inaction. Servan had replaced de Grave as minister of war, and Luckner had been appointed to the command of the army of the north, in the room of Marshal Rochambeau, who, disgusted with the insubordination of the troops, and a victim to bad health, insisted upon resigning. Luckner, however, with rare disinterestedness, proved to the government how desirable it was that Rochambeau should retain his situation, and offered to go to his head-quarters at Valenciennes, with the hope of calming the turbulent spirit of the soldiery, and reëstablishing that confidence between them and their general, without which it was idle to hope for success. This offer was accepted, and Lafayette was summoned to confer with the other two at Va-

lenciennes. Neither Arundel nor his friend were required to attend him. In a few days he returned to Givet, and it was soon understood that Rochambeau persisted in his determination to retire ; nor was this surprising, considering the complete state of destitution in which the troops were left, and which precluded the possibility of attempting any offensive movement with advantage. The magazines were quite empty, the soldiers without clothing, and at times almost without food. In vain Lafayette wrote the most pressing letters to Servan, exposing to him the melancholy situation to which they were reduced. That minister, notwithstanding his indefatigable activity, found it impossible to create in a moment the resources of which they were destitute, and was obliged to content himself with promising to work day and night, in order to get them ready.

It soon became apparent that the Imperialists, having received the reinforcements which they had been for some time expecting, were bent upon resuming the offensive, and Gouvion was forced to retire from the camp he had formed at Hemptine. This retreat he effected in good order, and took up a position under the guns of

Philippeville ; but Lafayette's plans were completely deranged by this unfortunate event, as it left his front altogether exposed ; nor was he at any pains to conceal his vexation.

“ How is it possible,” said he, on the evening on which this intelligence reached him ; “ how is it possible for a general to do his duty, if he is to take no step except by orders from Paris, emanating from a set of men who are totally unacquainted with what is passing ? War is a game of skill, and the best player, with equal means at his disposal as his opponent, will eventually win ; but if he is obliged to let opportunities pass by, which may never return, he has no chance allowed him. I will submit to this, however, no longer. I have sent for Gouvion ; as soon as he arrives I shall go to Valenciennes, after providing for the defence of Givet and Philippeville, and if I cannot persuade Luckner to enter into my views, and concert a plan of operations, independent of Monsieur Dumourier, I shall follow Rochambeau's example, and resign. Arundel, to-morrow morning you shall go to Valenciennes to announce my arrival. I will now retire, and prepare my letters for the Marshal.”

“ Well,” said de Beauvoisin to his friend, as they loitered homewards; “ thank God, this looks as if we should soon have something to do. I am wearied of this inactivity, and I want to see what war really is. Here we are all of us Alexanders and Cæsars in *petto*, forced to hide our talents under a napkin.”

“ You cannot be more rejoiced at the prospect of a change than I am,” replied Arundel; “ but if we really get something to do, I think I shall apply for leave to join my regiment, and give up my staff appointment. I feel that to make a good officer, I must be something more of a soldier.”

“ I think you are right,” replied his friend; “ I shall be sorry to lose you, but I am not selfish enough to try to dissuade you. For me it is out of the question, being, as I am, the first aide-de-camp; but I should like it though, well enough. I suppose you are anxious to go to bed, as you have to start so early in the morning—so we will say good night. By-the-bye, when you get to Valenciennes, take care to secure a good apartment for us. I should say a *marchande de modes* would be just the thing by way of a landlady. I shall lose all my talent for doing the agreeable, if I have not a little more practice than I have

had here." Arundel laughed, and promised to attend to his wishes, though he suggested the propriety of first ascertaining how long they were likely to remain at Valenciennes, before he fell desperately in love.

The next day, having received his dispatches, Arundel set out for his destination, which he reached that evening. He was instantly admitted to Marshal Luckner's presence. The Marshal, by birth a German, had grown grey in the French service without ever being able to acquire more of the language than was absolutely necessary for the common occurrences of daily life, and appeared rather to pique himself upon the strong national accent with which he pronounced the few words he had contrived to retain.

"By Gott, Monsieur Arundel," said he, "I am glad to see you, and I shall be glad to see Lafayette too. He is a sensible man and a good officer, and together I think we shall be able to do something for the King's service, in spite of the know-nothings, who fancy they are to dictate to us. I do not speak of Servan; he is a good man, a clever man, and knows how to treat an old soldier. I have just received a dispatch from him, in which he says that his principles would

never permit him to dictate to any general the line of conduct he ought to follow, particularly a man who, like myself, unites a long experience to acknowledged talent. That is what I call handsome, but he cannot do as he likes. There is that Dumourier—but I will hold my tongue, for I cannot speak of him with patience. He thinks himself a consummate general, but Gott's donner wetter, if I had him here, I would teach him more of his trade than he ever dreamt of, clever as he thinks himself. But come, you must be hungry and thirsty; we will have some dinner, such as it is, for you must not expect any thing very magnificent. Louis-d'ors are not very plentiful with us at present."

Two days afterwards, Lafayette himself arrived, and after having concerted a new plan of operations with the Marshal, returned to Maubeuge, where he formed a new camp. Arundel thought this a good opportunity to apply for his discharge from staff duties, and Lafayette, though sorry to lose him, appreciating the motives which induced him to make the request, immediately granted it, and named him to a company in one of the regiments forming the division of General Gouvion, which again formed

the advanced guard of the army, and was stationed at la Glisuelle. Arundel was delighted at the change, with the exception of his separation from de Beauvoisin, whom however he saw nearly every day, and eagerly anticipated the moment when he should witness and bear a part in the more important operations of military science ; but the first experience he had of it was any thing but a pleasant one.

On the night of the tenth of June, the Austrian general, Clairfait, leaving Mons at the head of a considerable body of troops, favoured by a terrific storm, succeeded in surprising the advanced posts of Gouvion's division. In a moment the alarm was spread, the troops rushed to arms, and succeeded in checking for a time the advance of the enemy. Arundel, who was reading in bed, —a very bad habit by-the-bye, but which on this occasion did him good service—was dressed in an instant and joined his regiment. The darkness of the night, the difficulty of distinguishing friend from foe, and the absolute impossibility of perceiving what was going on in other parts of the camp, increased the horrors of the scene, while the rain, which descended in torrents, added to the discomforts of their situation.

Arundel, however, soon made out that his regiment was posted exactly where the attack appeared to be the hottest. At every fresh discharge of the musketry some of his men fell, and soon after, the roar of cannon at apparently not more than ninety or a hundred paces distance, followed immediately by the groans and shrieks of the unfortunate wretches whom it had mowed down, seemed to indicate that the efforts of the enemy were specially directed against that spot.

Soon the day began to dawn, and with it the rain ceased ; but the heavy mist, which had not yet cleared up, prevented any thing being seen at ten yards distance. Arundel was anxiously endeavouring to penetrate the fog, when the adjutant of the regiment rode up to him and said —“ Monsieur le Capitaine, you are at present in command of the regiment—all your senior officers are *hors de combat*.”

At first he hardly comprehended what had been said, so much was he astonished ; but the scene around him soon recalled him to his senses. On every side he was surrounded by dead and wounded. Out of a regiment which, the day before, had numbered upwards of seven hundred strong, not above two hundred and sixty re-

mained untouched. Had he been inclined to moralize on such a spectacle, no time was allowed him for so doing. Giving directions for taking the wounded to the rear, he was proceeding to close up his ranks as well as he could, when Gouvion rode up to him.

“Who is in command of this regiment?” said he.

“I am, sir,” said Arundel; “all my superior officers are down.”

“Well, I must retreat,” replied the General; “and you must cover the march of the division. I have sent ten messages to Lafayette for reinforcements, and as they do not yet make their appearance, I can hold out no longer. This storm prevented his hearing the firing, no doubt. Remember this is the key of the position; you *must* hold it a quarter of an hour longer, or the division will be destroyed, and I can spare you no troops to help you. May I depend upon you?”

“You may depend upon my maintaining my ground, sir, as long as one of us remains alive,” was Arundel’s reply; and a cheer from his small force satisfied him that he had made no vain boast.

The General rode off to give the necessary orders for his retrograde movement, and Arundel was left alone to meditate upon the awful responsibility he had accepted. The firing, which had ceased for a few minutes, recommenced with fresh vigour, the enemy probably observing the slackness with which it was returned. At the first discharge ten men fell.

“By heavens!” exclaimed Arundel to the adjutant who was close to him, “this will not do, —there will not be a man left in five minutes. I will take advantage of the fog, and make a dash amongst them, and endeavour at least to silence that cursed gun.”

The adjutant, an old soldier who had risen from the ranks, warmly applauded the idea.

Arundel’s dispositions were soon made. His small but gallant band embraced with joy a proposal that gave them at least an opportunity of seeing their opponents face to face.

Cautiously and silently they advanced — a volley, that seemed as if fired close to their heads, passed over them without doing any mischief; and the fog suddenly lifting, showed them a dense mass of soldiers not more than twelve paces distant. In an instant they gave a general

discharge, of which every shot seemed to tell; and dashing in amongst the astonished foe at the point of the bayonet, they drove them back a space of fifty yards. The gun was captured, and before the Austrians had recovered from their surprise, Arundel and his brave followers had regained their former position. At this moment an aide-de-camp rode up to him, and told him that Gouvion was in full retreat, and that he was to follow as fast as was consistent with the safety of his small force.

In a short time he had rejoined the main body, and sent the adjutant to report his arrival, and give an account of his successful onslaught. That officer shortly returned, accompanied by the General himself.

“Major Arundel,” said he, “the rank I now confer on you I pledge myself to get confirmed. You and your brave companions have saved the division, perhaps the whole army; and I am sure I cannot better testify my satisfaction at their good conduct than by promoting their commander. The worst, I am happy to say, is over, for Narbonne is advancing to our assistance; I shall, therefore, halt, and form here to await his arrival.”

This was done, and Clairfait, remarking the advance of the reinforcements, retired after the exchange of a few cannon shot, one of which, however, unfortunately killed General Gouvion. His division returned the same evening to their old position, and the enemy did not seem inclined to give them any further trouble, at least for the present. Arundel's rank was confirmed: and, what is not always the case with promotion given to so young an officer, it was universally approved of by officers and men.

It was some days after the affair which has just been related, that de Beauvoisin called on him, and told him that he brought him a summons from Lafayette, who particularly wished to see him. The two friends returned to Maubeuge together, and Arundel proceeded to the General's quarters. He found him pacing up and down his room, with every mark of the most violent agitation. As soon as Arundel entered, he exclaimed—

“Are you aware of what is going on at Paris? I have just received letters stating that the day before yesterday, June 20th, an immense mob, composed of the lowest rabble, completely armed, forced their way into the Tuilleries, under the

pretence of presenting a petition to the King, who remained exposed to their menaces and imprecations for several hours, without the Assembly or the Municipality taking any steps in his defence. My accounts state that he behaved with admirable firmness and courage, and though he treated them with mildness, he positively refused to listen to any thing they had to urge, or to receive any petition presented to him in such an unconstitutional manner. There can be no doubt that the object of the authors of this outrage was the assassination of the whole royal family. How they escaped is perfectly incomprehensible; it seems miraculous. I am satisfied in my own mind that the project originated with the Jacobins; but be that as it may, it is impossible this state of things can continue. Devoted as I am to the cause of liberty, I had rather live under the most despotic government the world ever saw than see my country condemned to linger on in this state of anarchy and confusion. I am determined to go to Paris myself, and after investigating the matter, see what remedy can be applied to the evil: but I cannot absent myself from the army for two or three days; and in the meantime, I wish to send some one there

before me, who can make some preliminary enquiries; and, above all, ascertain how I stand in public opinion. Such a task requires judgment and discretion, and I have cast my eyes upon you—will you undertake it? It will not compromise you in any way, and if, upon reflection, you should decline participating in my future plans, you will be at full liberty to do so. At present all I require of you is to ascertain the truth, that I may be prepared with a knowledge of the facts upon my arrival.”

“Sir,” replied Arundel, “I had rather undertake any other service; the little I have had to do with the political world has inspired me with a thorough disgust for it; and what is more, I have not succeeded in that part of my career, and had hoped I had taken my leave of it for ever.”

“Yes,” rejoined the General; “but you are quite mistaken if you suppose that you will be called upon to play any political part; all I ask of you is merely to use your eyes and ears, that I may be able to judge how to act on my arrival, without loss of time. There is no one I can conveniently send to whom I can so implicitly trust as yourself, and I know that I can depend upon the

accuracy of your statements. I hope, therefore, you will no longer hesitate, as I assure you I shall consider your acquiescence as a great personal favour."

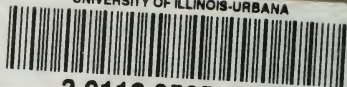
Thus urged, Arundel no longer refused compliance.

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